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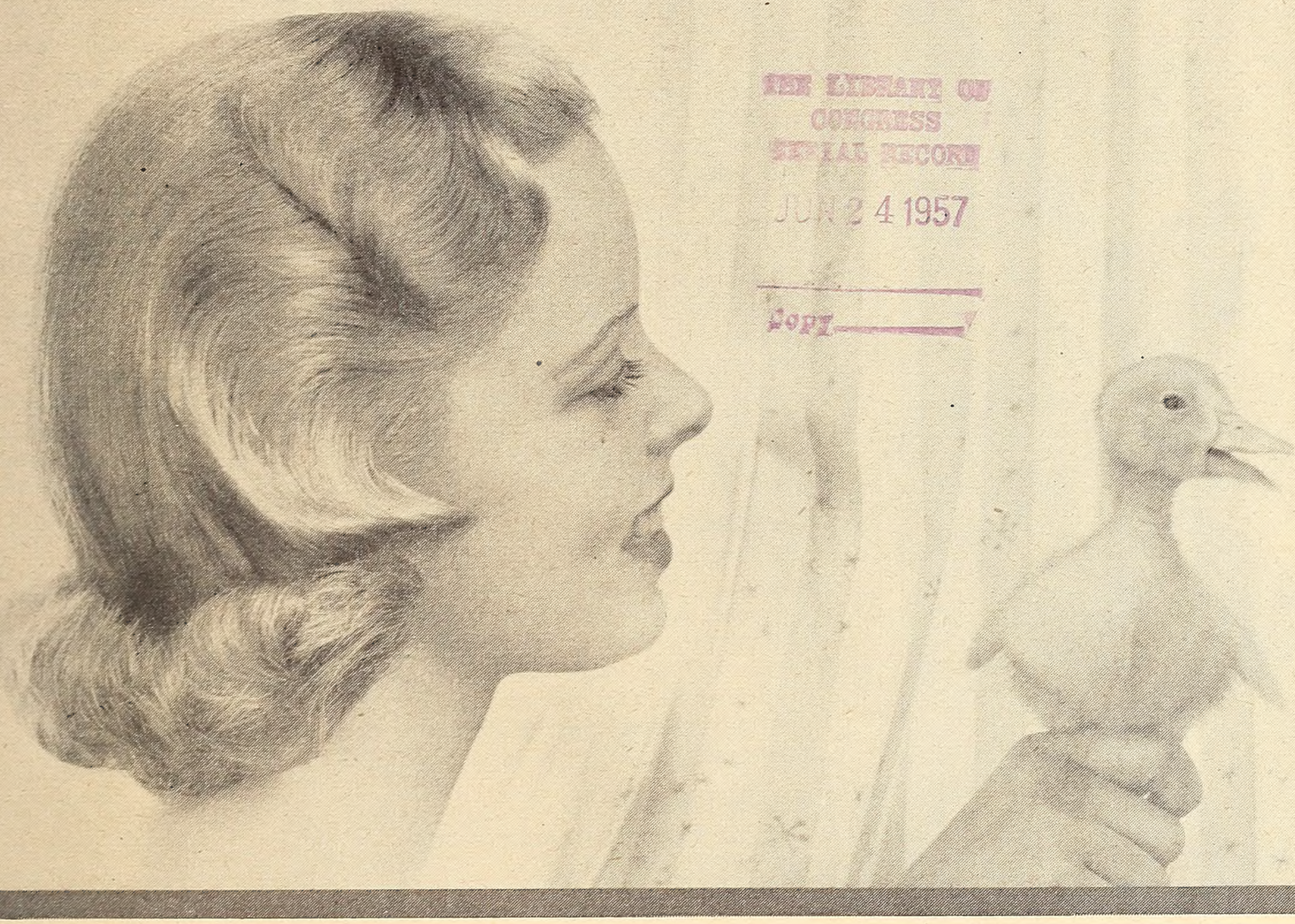
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*Color portrait of Janet and Tony on the cover by F.P.G.
Watch for Janet in the U-I film *Badge Of Evil* and RKO's *Jet Pilot*. Tony will soon be seen in U.A.'s *Sweet Smell Of Success* and *The Ballad Of Cat Ballou*. He'll also be in the U-I film *The Midnight Story*.
Other photographers' credits on page 78.

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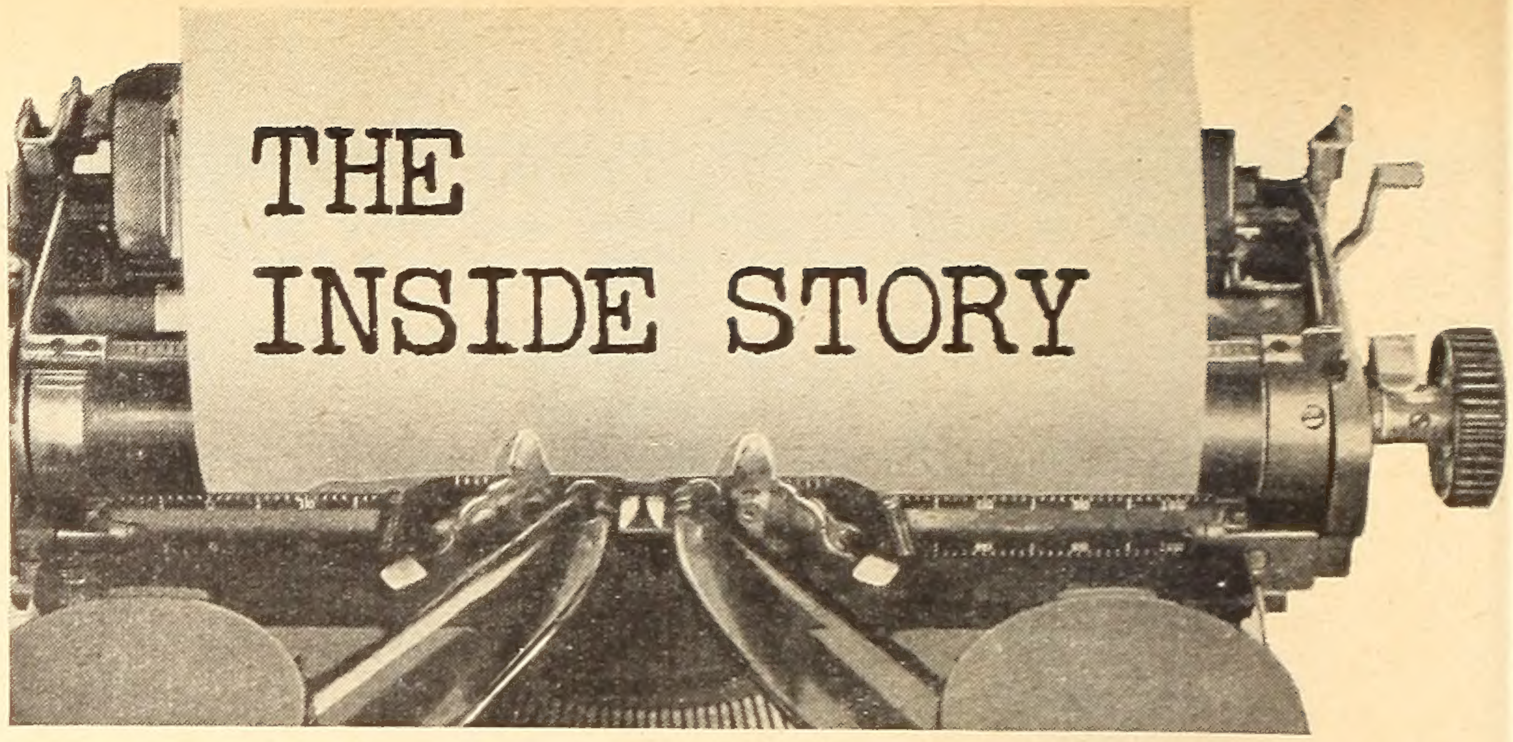


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Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Isn't Elvis Presley secretly engaged to Rita Moreno?
—O.T., Memphis, Tenn.
A. *Just one of many he's been dating.*

Q. How old is George Raft and how come he manages to look so well?
—E.L., N.Y.C.
A. *Raft is 61, does not drink.*

Q. Did Bob Mitchum recently knock out three sailors in a bar fight?
—F.L., Norfolk, Va.
A. *Yes, the incident occurred in the West Indies when the sailors insulted Mitchum's wife.*

Q. Did Anita Ekberg ever go with a private detective named Otash? Did she ever go with Mario Lanza?
—S.L., Ely, Nev.
A. *Anita went with Otash, met Lanza on two occasions.*

Q. Did Anna Kashfi, Marlon Brando's Indian girl, have TB?
—N.T., Boston, Mass.
A. *A touch of it. She's now recovered.*

Q. What ever happened to English actor Richard Burton?
—C.R., Cleveland, Ohio
A. *Burton has left England, now lives in Switzerland to ease his tax burden.*

Q. Was Vera Miles a Howard Hughes discovery years ago?
—D.Y., Denver, Col.
A. *Yes.*

Q. Why can't Ava Gardner stay happily married?
—A.H., Fayetteville, N.C.
A. *The men she marries try to change her.*

Q. Did Sophia Loren ever pose in the nude? I've seen pictures in magazines.
—D.D., Ft. Worth, Texas
A. *In Rome when she was just starting out, Sophia did figure modeling.*

Q. During *Island In The Sun,* wasn't there a big fight between Joan Fontaine and Harry Belafonte?
—H.Y., N.Y.C.
A. *No; they got along.*

Q. Is Debbie Reynolds fighting with her studio? If so, why?
—V.U., Glendale, Cal.
A. *She is not happy. No parts, relatively small salary.*

Q. I've been told that doctors have warned John Huston. He either gives up smoking or he dies. True?
—F.K., London, Eng.
A. *Huston's doctors have ordered him to give up smoking.*

Q. Please tell me if Louis Jourdan is married, has any children.
—L.R., Rochester, N.Y.
A. *Jourdan is married; has a boy 6, Loulou.*

Q. Will Loretta Young ever make a full-length movie again?
—C.T., Chicago, Ill.
A. *If the right script comes along.*

Q. Who is the girl who took Kathy Grant's place in Bing Crosby's life? Why didn't Bing marry Kathy after she changed her religion and everything?
—A.H., Hartford, Conn.
A. *Crosby is seeing a lot of Inger Stevens, says he has no intention of getting married to anyone in the near future.*

Q. What are the real names of Tab Hunter, John Saxon, and Rock Hudson?
—H.R., San Francisco, Cal.
A. *Arthur Andrew Gelien, Carmen Orrico, Roy Fitzgerald.*

Q. Do James Mason and Hedda Hopper really hate each other?
—K.T., Louisville, Ky.
A. *No love lost between them.*

Q. Was there ever anything between Montgomery Clift and Jean Simmons?
—E.H., Raleigh, N.C.
A. *At one point Clift was exceedingly fond of Jean.*

Q. Was Dorothy Dandridge ever married? What is her relationship with a man named Dennison?
—V.M., Las Vegas, Nev.
A. *Dorothy was married to one of the Nicholas Brothers; has seen Jack Dennison for some time.*

Q. Which movie stars have the most children?
—S.L., Provo, Utah
A. *Bob Cummings and Cameron Mitchell both have five.*

Q. When will Ginger Rogers and Jacques de Bergerac get the divorce?
—L.R., Dayton, Ohio
A. *Friends say it's a question of time.*

BURT LANCASTER · KIRK DOUGLAS



GUNFIGHT AT THE O.K. CORRAL

co-starring **RHONDA FLEMING · JO VAN FLEET · JOHN IRELAND**

Directed by JOHN STURGES · Screenplay by LEON URIS · Music composed and conducted by DIMITRI TIOMKIN · A Paramount Picture

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LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

A big party to celebrate
a big picture was
this month's highlight . . .
and some new romances
to replace the old . . .



Natalie Wood and Robert Wagner barely sipped a glass of champagne togethe at the Buddy Adler shindig after the Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison *premièr*

NATALIE WOOD'S BIG BROWN flirtatious eyes had **Bob Wagner** sulking at the big party the **Buddy Adlers** gave at ROMANOFF'S following the première of *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison.*

Little Miss Wood was turning the full voltage on former beau **Nicky Hilton**, who seemed to have eyes only for his date **Joan Collins.**

But if Nicky wasn't giving Natalie the nod, some of our most dignified gentlemen—many of them old enough to know better—acted like young colts in the stag line of a college prom cutting in on Natalie every time she took the floor with Bob. After it happened three or four times, Bob retreated to their table on the terrace above the dance floor and just sat out the major part of the supper-dance.

It was a wonderful party with everyone singing the praises of **Deborah Kerr** and **Robert Mitchum**, who are so wonderful as the only two performers—aside from extras—in *Mr. Allison.*

Deborah, who looked like a doll in a bouffant satin ball gown that swept the floor, was so happy that her husband **Tony Bartley** had been able to fly in from New York to attend the première with her. He hadn't thought he would be able to make it, so Deborah had invited their nine-year-old Melanie to be her *date.* Even after her father showed up, Missy Melanie held her mother to her promise and showed up at the theater in a brand-new evening coat of black velvet trimmed in ermine, a very excited little girl.

Zsa Zsa Gabor was dripping in pearls, must have had at least ten strands around her neck. "Of course, zee are real, dolling," quoth Zsa Zsa.

Joan Woodward, said to be the girl in **Paul Newman's** life since his separation from his wife, had the most unusual hair-do in the room. Slicked straight back on the sides with little fringe bangs over her forehead, it made her look like a little girl in a daguerreotype. Joan's escort was TV actor **Bob Quarry**. Paul was off on a brief trip to New York.

By the way, watch for Joan in *Three Faces Of Eve*—they say she is a young Bette Davis.

The **Pat Boones** were the cutest couple, and danced every dance together. Pat whispered in my ear as we passed on the dance floor that he and Shirley had had a little domestic battle—and then they read my Sunday story about how happy they are and promptly made up!

"That's the fun about fights—kissing and making up," said Shirley smiling at Pa

Earlier in the evening at the theater, on of the biggest yells from the sidewalk fan went up for **Jeffrey Hunter**. Frankly hadn't realized he is is such a smash wi the kids. Jeff was with **Dusty Bartlett**, th model and TV glamour girl—and their clos friends say don't be surprised if this roman ends up in a wedding.

I saw **Rocky** and **Gary Cooper**, an their daughter Maria, and **Jody McCre** at the theater but at the party Rocky to me that Gary had been taken ill in the theat with chills and had gone on home.

Mrs. Gregory Peck was sporting a fu length silver mist mink coat. And you shou get a load of **Jayne Mansfield's** fu length white mink! Jayne, I might add, dressing in much better taste when s appears in public than she did when she fi came to Hollywood.

Jeanne Crain and **Paul Brinkma** appear to be very happy if you can jud by all the smooching they do while dancin Jeanne's gown was lovely, white taffe printed in pink roses.

All in all, it was a big star-studded night and lots of fun . . . thanks to the gracious ho pitality of our hosts Anita and Buddy Adl



he Body helps The Body with her wrap. Or to put it . nother way, Mickey Hargitay and Jayne Mansfield.



Joan Woodward, who came to the party with someone else because Paul was away, wore this cute hair-do. But Paul Newman saw it first a week ago.



elieve it or not, we caught them NOT *kissing! Who? hy Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman of course!*



That's Joan Collins cheek-to-cheek with Nicky Hilton. He used to be Liz' husband.



Robert Stack and his Rosemarie share a smile over the doings of their young'un.

KIRK DOUGLAS AND HIS PRETTY rench wife Ann tossed themselves a party at was a party in their new home—a com- nation housewarming, and a farewell for irk. He was taking off for Europe to make *aths Of Glory* in a few days.

The decorations throughout the house and to the enormous tent where dinner and ancing took place were along the Viking nes. Kirk laughed, "I'm producing and arring in *The Viking* for my own company— hy should I plug another movie?"

As the gay evening wore on, I thought hat a good time **Doris Day** is having at arties lately. **Marty Melcher,** her hus- and, doesn't like to dance, but Doris was hav- g a ball for herself twirling around the floor ith one or another hot-footed gentleman the ntire evening. She looked as cute as all get- ut with her hair cut very short and in a snug- tting sheath dress. Very smart.

That's more than I can say for **Burt Lan- aster**, who ignored the usual dark suit niform for men in the evening and turned up n a bright brown suit, mulberry shirt, bright e and house-slippers! (*Continued on page 8*)



Greg Peck and lovely Veronique, another new-parents couple, could hardly tear themselves away from the baby's nursery!



Glamorous Zsa Zsa, wearing strands of lovely pearls, was lucky Denny Slater's date for the party. He'd like to make her his.

Everyone got a big charge when **Eddie Albert** went and took over the entertainment department and sang and danced with the orchestra. He kept begging **Judy Garland** to come up and sing. But Judy was having too much fun applauding Eddie, who was really wonderful.

Van Johnson seemed unusually subdued sitting in a corner talking with **Eleanor Powell** and **Glenn Ford** and the **Gregory Pecks** most of the evening. Van wasn't even wearing his red sox!

Others who enjoyed the hospitality of the Douglases were the **James Masons, Mary** and **Jack Benny** and **Gracie Allen** and **George Burns**.

THE-CRACK-OF-THE MONTH: Bob Hope's remark that **Elvis Presley** should get some kind of an award "for the best performance by an audience!"

LANA TURNER WAS SPITTIN' firecrackers she was so mad over a story out of New York that she planned to get a quick divorce from **Lex Barker** and marry South American millionaire Luis Santos Jacinto.

"It makes me so mad I could scream," Lana told me. "Now that Lex and I are separated, I hope that every time I dine with a man rumors aren't going to start that I'm going to marry him!

"Eleven years ago, when I was on vacation in Brazil I met Senor Jacinto and we went dancing a few times. When I returned there recently after visiting the *Uruguay Film Festival* in a party with other Hollywood people, Luis and *twelve other* men asked me to dinner. That's all it was and that's all it's going to be. For heavens sake, I'm still married." And *that's* that.

PERSONAL OPINIONS: No bride ever had a longer drive from her wedding ceremony to her reception than **Linda Darnell**. The brunette Linda and airline pilot Captain Robbie Robertson said their vows at the FLIERS CHAPEL in the MISSION INN at Riverside, and then drove back eighty-five miles to say hello to their friends at BARRACLOUGH'S RESTAURANT in Hollywood. Even though Linda has been married three times, she wore a bridal veil and gown—but the color was PINK. . . .

After years of doing just polite leading man roles, it's wonderful to see the big upswing in the career of **David Niven**, wanted for more good roles than he can fill. Of course *Around The World In 80 Days* did it. Right now David has the role of his life, right up his street, in *My Man Godfrey*. He replaced the explosive German actor **O. W. Fischer** opposite **June Allyson**. . . .

As much in love as she is with Eaton Chalkley and as much as her Carrolltown neighbors in Georgia insist **Susan Hayward** is going to retire, I don't believe it. . . .

On the other hand, everybody figured **Dana Wynter** would bow out of films, that's how ecstatic she is just being Mrs. Greg Bautzer. But Dana just signed a new contract with 20TH.

Diana Dors was so incensed over reports that she is panning Americans and Hollywood now that she's back in London that she called me all the way from England and talked up a big, big telephone bill to heatedly deny it. "Why should I pan Hollywood? I was treated wonderfully there," said dauntless Diana.



Vikki Dougan is showing more than bad tas when she forgets that it's smarter to conce

OPEN LETTER to **Vikki Dougan:** you hadn't seemed like such a nice g when I talked with you and so sincere serious about getting somewhere on t screen, I wouldn't even bother thrashing c the subject of those awful backless dress you wear in public.

You must have a whole wardrobe of the gowns split right down to the end of yc spine in your closets. When you first ma the whole room at the *Foreign Correspondei Dinner* gasp and then giggle with that op back job, I thought "Oh, well—maybe just one of a kind." But since that time you appeared in more of these pneumonia-traps cocktail parties—and in Palm Springs weari dresses cut just as low.

Vikki, you certainly can't enjoy bei laughed at—or embarrassing your esco Yes, I say that **Lance Fuller** was a ve nervous and uncomfortable young man a recent art exhibit with all the photograph sneaking up behind you to get pictures your, er—posterior!

You don't have to tell me that you doing it for publicity. You have been quo as saying, "Whether people like the dres or not—at least I'm attracting attention the first time."

I have an idea that if **John Wayne**, v has you under contract to his BATJAC C PANY, had been in town—instead of in Lil shooting *Legend Of The Lost*—he would h had you in for a quiet little talk on the merit good taste.

You told me that you really want a cha to show your acting ability on the screen. W not stick to that instead of concentrating showing your whole spine?

(*Continued on page*







Above Left *Linda Darnell and Capt. Robbie Robertson are flying high—they're honeymooning in Miami, soaking up the sun.*

Above *David Niven had more offers than he could handle in a month of Sundays, after his* 80 Days *success! David finally decided on U-I's* My Man Godfrey, *co-starring with June Allyson.*

Left *Dana Wynter's having such fun just being Mrs. Greg Bautzer, but that didn't keep her from signing on the dotted line when she was offered a great big new contract.*



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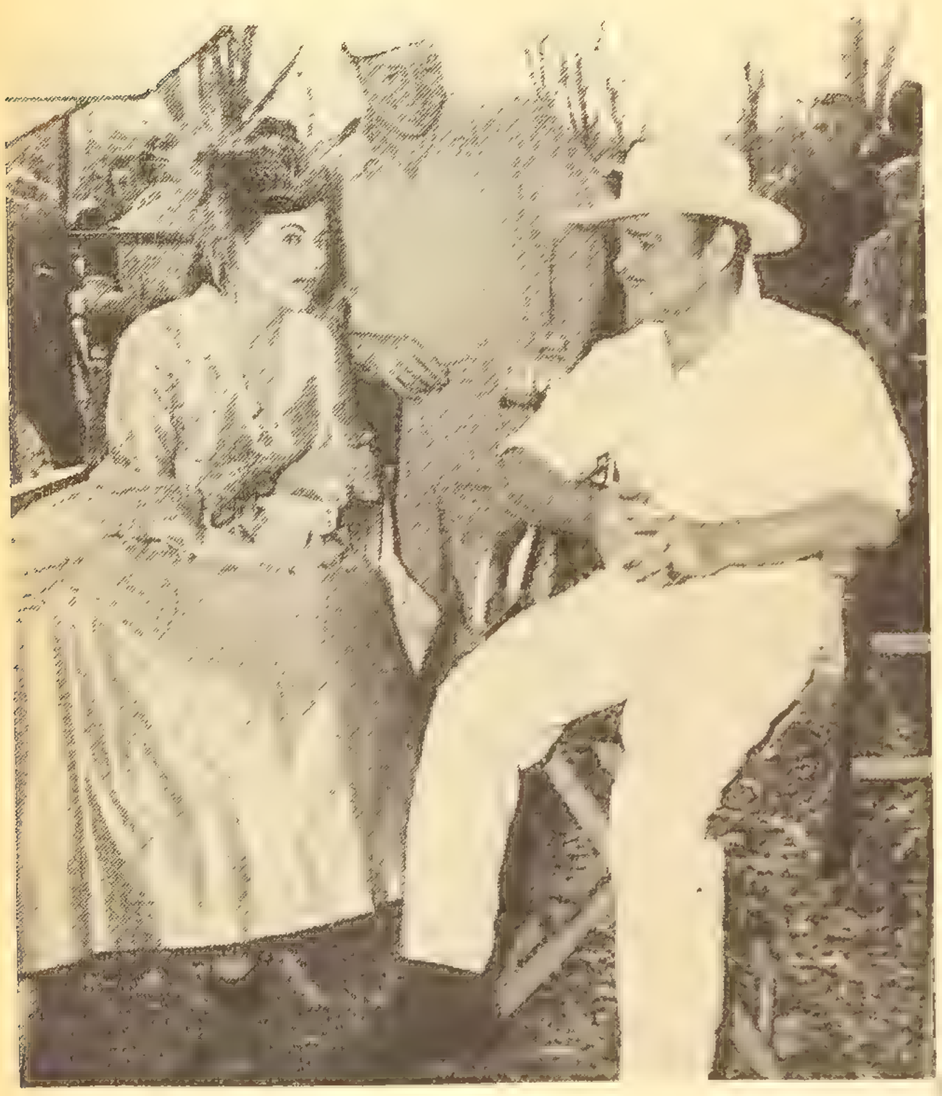
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Above *Yvonne DeCarlo takes time out to relax with Clark Gable and her husband during one of the scenes that Bob* DID *watch them make!*

Above Right *One of the happy stories to come out of Hollywood—and one of my exclusives! —made Jean Peters the news of the year.*

Right *Rita Hayworth is looking prettier than ever these days—and my guess is that producer James Hill has a lot to do with Rita's smile!*

Below *Quite a grin on that handsome Dick Egan —and he's wearing it more and more these days. Little Miss Pat Hardy, as far as I'm concerned, is one of the big reasons for Dick's happiness.*



THE HOLLYWOOD STORY of the year was my exclusive on **Howard Hughes'** marriage to **Jean Peters**. I printed it three days after it happened. Don't ask me who gave me the story, because I won't tell. I will only say that I know it is true.

Jean is so in love with Howard that she practically gave up her career to become Mrs. Hughes. But you can look to see the wife of the multi-millionaire return to pictures. probably for Hughes' own organization.

Her last picture was *A Man Called Peter*. made over two years ago. Since that time she hasn't been at her studio, 20TH CENTURY-Fox, nor has anyone known her whereabouts or heard from her until my story broke that she was honeymooning with Howard. I hear the marriage took place on a boat.

DON'T SELL Rita Hayworth and producer (with HECHT-LANCASTER) **James Hill** short as a romance. Although Pita tosses her red hair and says "Nothing to it" when you ask her about Hill, she is certainly spending lots and lots of time with him.

Many people ask me how I think Rita and **Kim Novak** will get along working together in *Pal Joey*. I think they'll get along great—because they work separately romancing **Frank Sinatra** in the script!

ONE AFTERNOON, late on the shooting of *Band Of Angels* from WARNERS, **Yvonne DeCarlo's** husband Bob Morgan decided to pay his wife a visit on the set. But when he got there, the guard stopped him and said the set was closed. Morgan asked why.

"Miss DeCarlo is working in a soaking wet nightgown that clings to her—and so no visitors," the guard said.

"But I'm her husband," smiled Bob.

"Can't help that," said the custodian of morals, "the only gentlemen allowed on the set are Director Raoul Walsh, the cameraman —and **Mr. Clark Gable!"**

THE LEAST SURPRISING Bulletin Of-The-Month: **June Allyson** and **Dick Powell** reconcile! Did anyone really think they wouldn't? Not with Dick carrying a torch for his Junie a mile high all the time they were parted. June really needs Dick's protective devotion—and as he hoped at the time of the rift she "came to her senses."

I'M GOING TO TAKE a running jump and predict that by the time you read this **Richard Egan** and **Pat Hardy** will be officially engaged—or maybe married.

If ever an eligible bachelor proceeded with caution it's the good-looking Dick. I think I can understand that. He comes of a very religious family: one of his brothers is a Priest, he himself is very devout—and he knows that when he marries it will be for keeps.

Dick and Pat have been dating for two years. She's a girl with innate poise and sweetness and she is very much in love with Egan. Although many people believe she could have an important screen career of her own if she wanted it, Pat has always put Dick's work ahead of her own. I know of one occasion when she turned down an interesting role because Dick was between films and she wanted to spend her time with him.

The sweet smell of orange blossoms is very much in the air. (*Continued on page 12*)



BOBBI'S "Heroine" adapts fashion's new wide and wonderful look for you—thanks to new "Casual Pin-Curlers." Only BOBBI has "Casual Pin-Curlers"... new easy way to make pin-curls behave.



Try "Spindrift," BOBBI's new "do" for that very special date. Soft waves sweep forward over ears. Bangs feather out from a new pinwheel curl. Lastingly yours . . . with "Casual Pin-Curlers."



"First Love" depends on BOBBI—the special permanent for casual styles—for those wide, natural-looking waves. Never tight, never fussy—BOBBI always gives you softly feminine curls.

Casual 'n carefree! These new
softer-than-ever hairstyles call for BOBBI...

only BOBBI has special "Casual Pin-Curlers"

The new soft 'n pretty look in hairdos begins with BOBBI—the one pin-curl permanent specially created for casual hairstyles. BOBBI always gives you softly feminine curls from the very first day, and with new special "Casual Pin-Curlers" your BOBBI curls are firmer . . . your BOBBI wave is easier to set than ever. Pin-curl your hair just once and apply BOBBI lotion. That's all. No separate neutralizer needed—no resetting.



See how smooth a pin-curl looks made with BOBBI's new "Casual Pin-Curlers!" They can't slip, can't crimp, rust or discolor hair. Takes only one per curl. Perfect for setting after shampoos.



See how easy a BOBBI can be! Just "Casual Pin-Curlers" and BOBBI lotion. That's all you need for today's newest casual hairstyles. No separate neutralizer —no resetting needed.



©THE GILLETTE COMPANY

Look for BOBBI in this new package—the only pin-curl kit *complete* with 55 new "Casual Pin-Curlers" and 6 neckline curlers . . . all in pink plastic . . . new BOBBI lotion, easy directions.

Betty's BLUE



PERIODIC PAIN

Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Betty! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water ...that's all. Midol brings faster and more complete relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"
a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't F-67, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Betty's GAY WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores have Midol

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood *Continued*



Jerry Lewis and his pretty Patty are shopping for baby clothes! They're hoping for a girl.



All Hollywood was saddened when Barry and Marie Sullivan parted—after nineteen years!

JERRY LEWIS AND HIS PRETTY Patti are expecting their fourth child, and Jerry cracks, "Once again we'll go shopping for a layette for a girl. But if it's a boy—we'll keep him."

The Lewis' boys are Scotty, one year old; Gary, eleven, and seven-year-old Ronnie.

A PARTING THAT REALLY CAME as a surprise was the separation of the **Barry Sullivans** after nineteen years of marriage. I could hardly believe it was true when Barry's press agent called me on Saturday evening and told me that Barry had moved out of their home and into a hotel.

Strangely enough, neither Barry nor Marie issued any kind of statement. Not even the old announcement *We're the best of friends—but just incompatible.*

When I asked the p.a. what explanation was given for the rift between these two people who were thought to be so happily married, he said "There isn't any."

Usually in the case of a Hollywood separation, there is some background gossip. But not in this parting. It's all very strange. But, perhaps it is strangest and unhappiest of all for their two children—John, who is fifteen, and Jenny, ten.

THE LETTER BOX: JUDY MARTIN, Springfield, Ohio, recently conducted a poll of the Springfield High School psychology class on the five most popular actors and actresses and male and female singers. According to Judy the results were—

Most popular actors: **Rock Hudson, Tab Hunter, James Stewart, Yul Brynner, James Dean.**

Most popular actresses: **Elizabeth Taylor, Debbie Reynolds, Grace Kelly, Doris Day, Audrey Hepburn.**

Most popular male singers: **Pat Boone, Perry Como, Harry Belafonte, Eddie Fisher, Nat "King" Cole.**

Most popular female singers: **Doris Day, Patti Page, Dinah Shore, Rosemary Clooney, Julie Wilson.** Very interesting Judy.

All the way from Quillota, Chili, JUAN ABUFOM writes a suggestion: *"Mrs. Rock Hudson is so beautiful and has such a lovely spiritual look in her face I wonder that she is not an actress. Is it that* **Mr. Hudson** *forbids her?"* No it isn't, Juan. It's just that Phyllis Gates has never been an actress and I'm sure the idea has never crossed her mind.

I can't count all the letters that poured in protesting the *Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences* ignoring **Charlton Heston's** portrayal of Moses in *The Ten Commandments* for the Oscar nominations. BETTY KLUG, St. Paul, Minnesota, speaks for many in writing: *"I think there is something fishy about these nominations when a great performance like Mr. Heston's is by-passed."*

KAREN KIRKPATRICK, Spokane, Washington, pens an open letter to **Lana Turner** through this department: *"Dear Lana: Before you make any rash decision about your marriage remember the love you and Lex shared at the time you lost your expected baby. Remember how you leaned on each other in your unhappiness—and please, please try to patch things up."*

"I didn't think Baby Doll *was vulgar—I just think it was the* silliest *movie I ever saw* blasts BETTY MORRIS, Marshall, Texas.

B. E. MATTISEN, Troy, New York, writes a cute note saying he's no teenager—he's *seventy years old! "But I have as much right to express myself about* **Elvis Presley** *as anyone else,"* he says. *"A lot of stars do things worse than Elvis and no one squawks. I'm enclosing a picture of* **Kirk Douglas** *and* **Susan Hayward** *in a scene from* Top Secret Affair *that's far more suggestive than anything Elvis has ever posed for. And have you seen some of the pictures of* **Jayne Mansfield** advertising The Girl Can't Help It?" I agree, Mr. B.E. The picture of Kirk and Susan is very torrid.

"I'm furious that people in the record business refer to **Tab Hunter's** *smash recording of 'Young Love' as a freak!"* storms VIVIEN VAN ALLEN, New York. I'm sure no disparagement of Tab is meant, Vivien. It *is* a bit unusual for a screen star to sing a record that goes to the top of the hit list.

FRANK MCDONALD, Dallas, is mad at me. *"I suppose because* **Marlon Brando** *doesn't call you and give you the exclusive every time he crosses the street—that's the reason you ignore him so completely."* Now calm down boy. I print all the news I get about Marlon, and I sincerely admire him as an actor. Plus, I don't care how often he crosses a street without telling me. I'm busy.

That's all for now. See you next month.



I dreamed I was Twins in my maidenform bra

I'm beside myself with joy! For when I walk down the street, everyone I meet looks twice at my glamorous Maidenform lines! The duet of dream bras: On the left, Pre-Lude* Six-Way; on the right, the same bra in a slimming long-line version. And each *can be worn six-ways:* strapless, with straps any way you like, for every neckline in your wardrobe! And whichever way you wear them—you'll agree they're the most comfortable, the most curve-snugging bras you've ever worn! Bandeau, 3.00. Bandeau, lightly lined, 3.95. Long-Line, 5.95.

HAT: EMME SUIT: TOWNCRAFT

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ©1957 MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC.



"Who'd believe I was ever embarrassed by Pimples!"



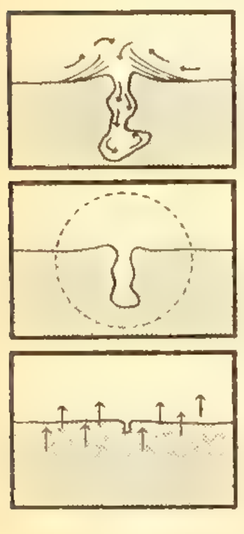
New! Clearasil Medication

'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED . . . hides pimples while it works.

At last! Science discovers a new-type medication especially for pimples, *that really works.* In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were *completely cleared up* or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

CLEARASIL WORKS FAST TO MAKE PIMPLES DISAPPEAR



1. PENETRATES PIMPLES . . . keratolytic action softens and dissolves affected skin tissue . . . permits medication to penetrate down into any infected area.

2. ISOLATES PIMPLES . . . antiseptic action of this new type medication stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.

3. 'STARVES' PIMPLES . . . CLEARASIL's famous dry-up action 'starves' pimples because it helps to remove the oils that pimples 'feed' on.

SKIN CREAMS CAN 'FEED' PIMPLES CLEARASIL 'STARVES' THEM

Oil in pores helps pimples grow and thrive. So oily skin creams can actually 'feed' pimples. Only an oil-absorbing medication . . . CLEARASIL, helps dry up this oil, 'starves' pimples.

'FLOATS OUT' BLACKHEADS

CLEARASIL's penetrating medical action softens and loosens blackheads from underneath, so they 'float out' with normal washing. So why suffer the misery of pimples or blackheads! CLEARASIL is guaranteed to work for you, as in doctors' tests, or money back. **Only 69¢** at all drug counters (economy size 98¢).



Largest-Selling Pimple Medication in America (including Canada)

TV TALK

Charles Van Doren invited to meet the King of Belgium. . . . News about Bert and Harry Piel. . . . Geraldine Page's career problems. . . .

You can believe every word you read about **Tom Ewell** being just as funny in private life as he is on stage, screen, or TV. He is one of those comedians—like **Phil Silvers** and unlike **Jack Benny**—who doesn't need his writers' scripts to keep up his end of a fun conversation. Ewell also doesn't demand the spotlight all the time. One day recently he had a lunch date in the theater district and was given his choice of two restaurants—SARDI'S, the theatrical hangout where first-nighters wait for the drama critics' verdict on the new play in town, or the ALGONQUIN, where the literati congregate. Almost any actor would have picked SARDI'S because there, in that table-hopping atmosphere, he could receive congratulations and compliments by the score. Not Ewell. He picked the ALGONQUIN so that he could eat undisturbed. Not that he has anything against adulation—he honestly admits he loves it—but his ego doesn't demand it all the time. Ewell, incidentally, has a unique way of learning his lines. He gets behind the wheel of his car, puts his script on the seat beside him, and drives around the Connecticut countryside reciting as he goes. If he forgets a line, he just glances down at the script. Some of his neighbors who don't know about his memorizing routine are convinced Ewell is going off his rocker when they see him cruising around all alone and talking, apparently to himself, a mile a minute—and with facial expression too! . . . When you see **Audrey Hepburn** in *Funny Face*, you'll see her cuddling a puppy in one scene. She fell in love with the dog making that scene in Paris, and when she and **Mel Ferrer** went to New York to do *Mayerling* on TV, she missed it so much that they went out and bought one just like it for their own. Speaking of dogs and Audrey and Mel, the Ferrers include shaggy-dog stories among their many mutual tastes. They can sit around for hours telling them . . . Wouldn't you know it! As soon as **Charles Van Doren** got famous winning all that money on *Twenty-One,* the rumors started that he had always been the black sheep of the famous and intellectual Van Doren family, that his relatives had despaired of his ever amounting to anything. Don't believe it for a moment. There isn't a word of truth to it. His family was very pleased and proud, but *not* surprised. Winners on TV quiz shows, incidentally, sometimes get a lot more reward than just the prizes announced over the air. Van Doren's book on the Civil War, for example, will undoubtedly sell more copies than it would have if he'd never wowed the nation on *Twenty-One*—and that means more royalties for him. He also gets invitations to appear on other shows—for money. He gets theater tickets for free because it's good publicity for the play if he goes to see it. And—to top it off—he even got offered a European vacation! The Belgian government was so upset when he missed answering King Baudouin's name that it offered him a trip to Belgium to meet the king. And yes, said the Belgian representative, Charles could take a friend and two relatives! . . . It seems unbelievable now, but those wonderful brothers, **Bert** and **Harry Piel,** almost never got on the air. It took one man *one year* to convince the Piel brewing outfit and its advertising agency that Bert (**Ray Goulding**) and Harry (**Bob Elliot**) could sell beer. Even then the sponsor and the agency insisted that the commercial be given a test try in one town. The results in that one town of course proved that Piel had the hottest commercial ever seen on television—and fixed it so we could see Harry and Bert again and again and again . . . While we're on the subject of commercials, here's a surprising piece of information: surveys show that the commercial on the **Alfred Hitchcock** show is more popular than the show! Now *there's* a switch. Many viewers, in fact, turn on the show, look at Hitchcock's introduction, turn to something else, and then switch back twenty-five minutes later for his sign-off . . . Most backstage dressing rooms in Broadway theaters are very small, and even a few visitors can result in standing on each others' toes. But **Bea Lillie,** now in *The Ziegfeld Follies*, has two good-sized rooms and a bathroom with a huge tub in it. This is *luxury!* Her suite's so comfortable that she gives parties in it, and many's the night she and her friends sit around sipping and talking and listening to Bea's collection of old musical comedy records . . . **Imogene Coca** spends quite a bit of her spare time painting. At the moment she's going in for landscapes, big ones in oil. But, just as with everything else she does, Imogene is racked with insecurity. She doesn't know if she's any good as a painter or not. When she meets someone she likes who knows something about art, she eagerly asks for advice . . . You can be sure when you see **Rosemary Clooney** or **Carmen Mathews** on a show that everyone who works on it is happy to have them. Both ladies are universally loved by producers, directors, fellow actors, and—best test of all—stagehands. Neither one has a prima-donna bone in her body . . . There's no one happier about television than **Louis Jean Heydt.** For years he rolled along playing feature parts in movies and did fairly well. But now, in TV, he's making more money than he ever has—and the TV people give him leads. Television doesn't demand a **Robert Taylor** or a **Rock Hudson** type when it hands out starring roles—and Louis is mighty grateful . . . **Don Ameche's** wife of many years, **Honey,** is crazy about housekeeping. Even when the Ameches are riding the crest, she insists on doing all her own cooking. Even her own scrubbing! . . . Many actresses take up knitting to while away the time during rehearsals when they're not needed in front of the cameras or on stage. Others write letters, read books, or flip through magazines. Or watch television in their dressing rooms. They have to find something to do with the time they're not on. Now a new wrinkle's been added. All during the run of the **Edward G. Robinson** starrer, *Middle Of The Night*, the actresses have been making hats! One of them, who used to make hats for a living when she was *at liberty,* started it all—and now every girl in the cast is at it. Very professional job too. Some of them could pass for $50 custom-made numbers . . . **Geraldine Page** has a serious career problem. She's a full-fledged star but there aren't many roles she can play. Because she's a star, she can't take supporting roles in anything—or so her managers say. Our prediction: she'll start taking more parts in anything that's good so that she can act more

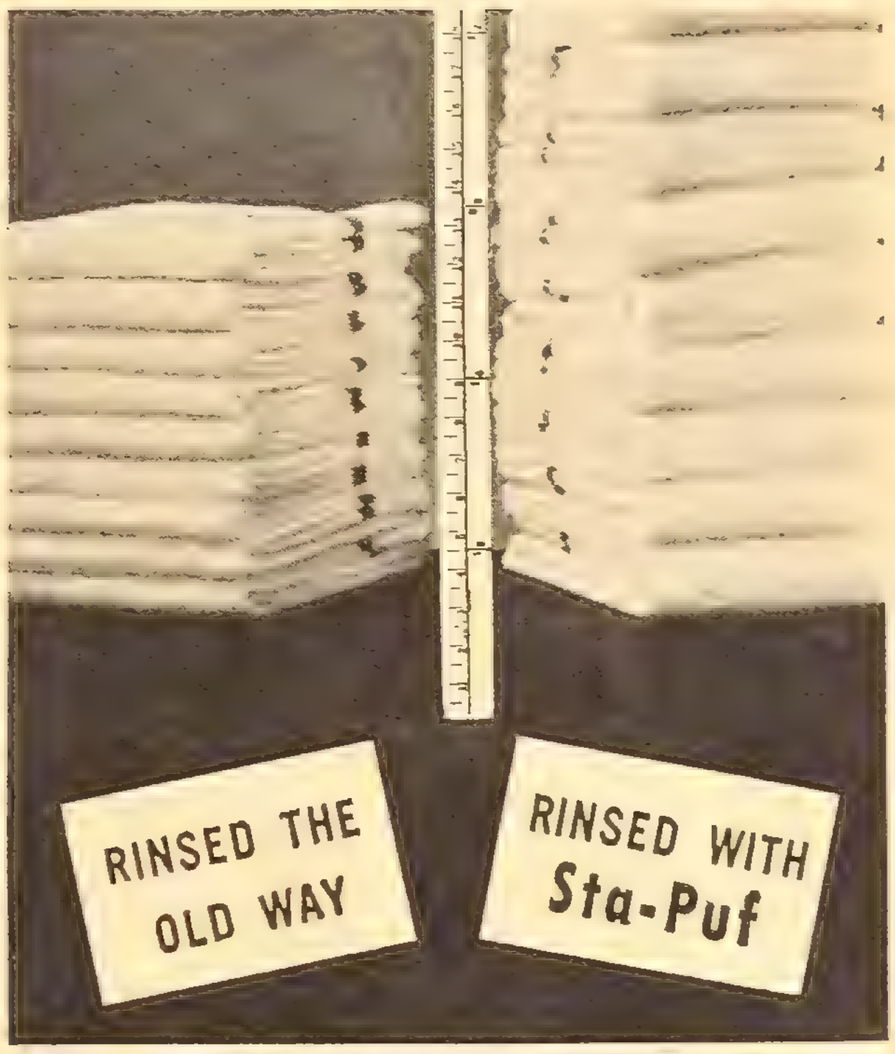
Greatest Washday Discovery in 100 Years—
Sta-Puf® Gives Clothes Like-New Softness!



Not a Soap, Not a Detergent, Not a Water Softener. STA-PUF is a totally new *kind* of washday product. All you do is pour a little STA-PUF into your rinse water and presto!—everything comes so soft and fluffy that you can hardly believe it! Harsh, "boardy" bath towels fluff up like magic! Wash-stiffened clothes lose their irritating scratchiness in a jiffy! And even muslin sheets come out feeling like percale! . . . STA-PUF is perfect for use in tubs, automatics or regular washing machines.



A Miracle for Diapers and Baby Clothes! STA-PUF makes diapers and baby clothes petal-soft as baby's tender skin itself! Prevents diaper irritation due to chafing. No more scratchy stiffness, even when you wash in hardest water. And STA-PUF makes diapers far easier to pin. No strong finger-pressure needed. Yes, life is far easier for baby—and *you*—with STA-PUF on the job. Kind to skin—kind to hands. Protects fabrics—makes clothes last longer. Used by leading diaper laundries and hospitals.



You SEE and FEEL the Difference! The bath towels on the left were rinsed the ordinary way—while the towels on the right (rinsed with STA-PUF) are more than *half again as thick*. This is visible proof of the washday wonders that STA-PUF performs.



Double-Your-Money-Back Guarantee! Get STA-PUF at your grocer's today. See how unbelievably soft and fluffy it makes *all* washables, even when dried indoors. *Double your money back* if not delighted. Simply mail empty bottle to A. E. Staley Mfg. Co., Decatur, Ill. We'll refund *double* the price you paid. Don't wait! Find out now how STA-PUF Miracle Rinse makes garments and linens like new.

at last... a deodorant talc that gives you all-over body protection!



april showers deodorant talc

The smart woman's new beauty secret . . . April Showers Deodorant Talc used freely under arms, around waist, on feet . . . all over. Fine quality imported Italian talc combined with odor killing Hexachlorophene protects where ordinary deodorants never do. Only 50¢, plus tax.

JUNE BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday is in June, you are sharing it with:

June 1 — **Marilyn Monroe**
Joan Caulfield
June 3 — **Tony Curtis**
June 7 — **Dean Martin**
Dolores Gray
June 8 — **Dana Wynter**
June 9 — **Mona Freeman**
Robert Cummings
June 11 — **Richard Todd**
June 12 — **Vic Damone**
Bill Lundigan
June 18 — **Maggie McNamara**
June 19 — **Pier Angeli**
Marisa Pavan
Louis Jourdan
June 20 — **Audie Murphy**
Rossana Podesta
June 21 — **Jane Russell**
Judy Holliday
June 22 — **Gower Champion**
June 25 — **Charlotte Greenwood**
June 26 — **Eleanor Parker**
June 30 — **Susan Hayward**



Paulette Goddard
June 3



Rosalind Russell
June 4



Dorothy McGuire
June 14



Ralph Bellamy
June 17



Charles Coburn
June 19



Errol Flynn
June 20

Your birthstone is a pearl!
Your flower is a rose!

If you want to send your favorite stars a birthday card, write to them in care of their studio. If you're not certain which studio they are with, write the stars c/o SCREEN ACTORS GUILD, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.

JIMMY STEWART learns to fly— a 1927 plane!

■ The calmest man at the Culver City Airport one afternoon a couple of months back was James Stewart—who should have been the jumpiest.

He was flying a 1927-model airplane in a test run for his latest movie role, which happens to be that of Charles Lindbergh in *The Spirit Of St. Louis.*

So while his producer Leland Hayward and his director Billy Wilder paced the airstrip and reassured each other that good old Jimmy—a seasoned pilot—could fly anything with wings and an engine, good old Jimmy did it.

His maiden flight in the accurate reproduction of the famous Lindbergh plane was made in the interests of authentic acting. He should fly the plane *sometime* during the picture figured Hayward and Wilder, and Jimmy figured he might as well start practicing.

So they steeled their nerves, chomped on their fingernails and went out to watch their star cut some cloud capers.

"All I can say," said Hayward when Stewart skidded the little silver plane to a bumpy stop after the test flight, "is that I'm happy he doesn't have to fly clear across the Atlantic in it."

Stewart himself said he found flying the plane a stimulating experience. "It's awfully noisy and the fumes are horrible and it requires a lot of handling," he said, "but I'm beginning to know how Lindbergh felt."

He was to know even more how Lindbergh felt before the WARNER BROTHERS picture was completed because, now that he'd done it once, his producer and director had enough faith in both Jimmy and the plane to come up with all kinds of great ideas about photographing him in air-to-air shots with the fumes in his face and the noise in his ears.

"He'll *really* feel like Lindbergh!" chortled Hayward, dispatching the nurse and the oxygen tank on back to the studio.





Hair with the fresh young HALO look is softer, brighter

Whistle Clean

—for no other shampoo offers Halo's unique cleansing ingredient, so effective yet so mild. And there are no unnecessary additives in Halo, no greasy oils or soap to interfere with cleaning action or leave sticky, dirt-catching film. Halo, even in *hardest* water, leaves your hair softer, brighter, *whistle clean.*





Now! Even humdrum hair can seethe with excitement!

NEW DuBARRY COLOR GLO

- *Foams new living color right into your hair!*
- *Washes right out with your next shampoo!*
- *Looks so natural it's your own exciting secret!*

There's *never* been hair color like DuBarry Color Glo! Not a rinse—not a color shampoo—but a whole new way to color your hair. This fabulous foam gives a new *color-lift* to every shade of hair under the sun!

Foam in Color Glo after your next shampoo, and rinse. That's all! No mixing, no fixing, no fussing. It's fun, fast . . . and fool-proof! Color Glo *stays* on evenly . . . *conditions* while it's on . . . shampoos out *completely*.

With Color Glo you can *accent* and *intensify* your own hair color . . . or you can have a dramatic *new* color this very night! With Color Glo, blonde isn't bland . . . it's brilliant! Black isn't flat . . . it's fiery! Red isn't raging . . . it's radiant! And gray is never, never drab . . . it's pure shimmering silver! After your next shampoo, *foam* fabulous color into *your* hair with new DuBarry Color Glo!



Choose from these newest, truest-to-life colors . . .

Golden Leopard *puts golden gleam in blonde hair, a twinkle in brown hair.*

Midnight Panther *deepens black hair to sparkling jet. Gives brown a velvety depth.*

Red Cheetah *lifts hair to fiery brilliance. Gives brunettes a burnished glow.*

Brown Jaguar *adds richness and warmth . . . makes brown sparkle with highlights!*

Silver Mink *gives a fresh silver shimmer to faded white, gray or ash-blonde hair.*

DU BARRY COLOR GLO 1.50 PLUS TAX

VICTORIA SHAW DISCOVERS AMERICA

■ Victoria Shaw is just waiting to get her husband to Australia. There's a little score she wants to settle. . .

By now, Vici is fairly well Yankeefied. But a year and a half ago, she was just a girl from Australia and about all she knew about America and Americans was that they spoke English with a funny accent.

Then she met Roger Smith. The two fell in love, and Roger and Vici decided to take a long week end and drive from Hollywood to Nogales, Arizona, so that Roger's folks could meet his wife-to-be.

They piled into his car and crossed the desert and the Imperial Valley. Then they neared the Arizona border.

Roger pulled over to the side of the road.

"I don't want to scare you, darling," he said, "but we'll be going through Yuma in a little while. That town is still full of Indians."

"What'll we do?" asked Vici, remembering all the American movies she'd seen on the Wild West.

"Well, ordinarily they're not dangerous. But I think it would be a good idea to roll up the windows and duck down behind the dashboard so they can't see you when we drive through the city."

"But it's so hot!"

"Yes, I know, but it's better to be hot than to have an arrow in your face."

Vici agreed.

They rolled up the car's windows and Vici ducked to the floor. All the way through town, Vici was invisible—and Roger somehow managed to keep a straight face.

On the eastern outskirts of Yuma, Roger stopped the car again.

"OK," he said. "I guess we're safe. You can come up now and we can open the windows."

Vici wanted to know if he'd seen any Indians. Roger said he'd seen a few, but they didn't seem to be on the warpath that day.

"Look," Roger said, "pretty soon now we'll have to cross the Gila River. If the bridge is out, we'll have to carry the car across."

"Carry the car? How can we do that?"

"If the Indians have burned the bridge, that's all we can do. Folk around here do it all the time. The river is pretty shallow, and I'll take the heavy end—the front—and you take the light end and the tires buoy it up. We'll manage."

"I wish I'd stayed home," thought Vici.

They drove on and came to the river. They were in luck—the Indians hadn't burned down the bridge and they were able to drive across in comfort.

Some hours later, they got to Nogales and Vici heaved a sigh of relief as she walked into the Smiths' home.

"Did you have a nice trip?" Roger's mother asked.

"Well, it was all right," answered Vici. "We were lucky—the Indians in Yuma weren't on the warpath and they hadn't burned down the bridge over the Gila River so we didn't have any trouble."

"Indians? Warpath? Burned the bridge? What are you talking about?"

At that point, Roger couldn't control himself any longer. He sank into a chair and laughed and laughed. Vici stood there, her face getting redder and redder as first she became embarrassed, then angry, and finally hysterical with laughter herself as she saw the joke was very definitely on her.

The return trip was uneventful. But, like we said, Victoria is just waiting to get husband Roger to Australia!



They're happily married, but Vici hasn't forgotten the incident.



Roger's the bull and Vici the matador—and now's her chance to get even!

Fresh...young...alive! Here's the look you've been looking for!



Now! Give your skin tone the color lift it needs with

Revlon 'Touch-and-Glow'

The Liquid Make-Up

Here is *your* glow . . . loveliest of all . . . a fragile, sheltered look that's, oh, so *naturally* feminine! Revlon 'Touch-and-Glow' is a *delicate* touch—never caky, never drying. Every drop of this moisturizing liquid make-up is blended with Revlon's precious Lanolite to pamper your skin—keep it dewy-fresh. So just *touch* . . . and *glow!* You've found the look you've been looking for! Nobody knows you wear it but you!



Now in 9 living shades, 1.25 and 1.75 plus tax.
Face powder to harmonize, 1.25 plus tax.

©1957, REVLON, INC.

½ the time!
½ the work!

RICHARD HUDNUT'S

New *Quick*

New! The you

New **QU**

©1957 Lambert-Hudson Division, Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co.

only permanent dare wash at once!

Never before could you wave <u>then</u> wash! It's the loveliest wave in the world–and it's shampoo-fresh!



So easy! No need to shampoo first!

Unlike any other home permanent, Richard Hudnut's new Quick has Crystal Clear Lanolized Lotion. A lotion so pure yet penetrating, you can wave without washing first—and shampoo right after you wave! It's so easy! As soon as your wave is finished, you shampoo instead of rinsing. No need to wait a week to wash away "new perm" frizz and odor. No fear you'll wash out or weaken your wave. It's locked in to *last* with Crystal Clear Lotion!



Wave and wash with ½ the work!

Quick's the quickest! Only Quick's exclusive Crystal Clear Lotion penetrates so fast, it lets you wrap more hair on each curler and still get a firm curl to the tips of your hair. So you get a complete new-style wave with just 20 curlers —½ the winding time—½ the waving work! Shampoo instead of rinsing and, right from the first minute, your new Quick wave is lanolin-soft, sweet to see and be near. Use Quick today and be shampoo-fresh tonight!

2 new-style waves for the price of 1
Crystal Clear Lotion can be recapped.
Use ½—Save ½. $2.00 plus tax.
(1-wave size, $1.25 plus tax)



ICK

Home Permanent by Richard Hudnut

for the smartest
lips and fingertips
this Spring,
Helen Neushaefer
creates for you:



HELEN NEUSHAEFER — ORIGINATOR OF CREME NAIL POLISH

Helen Neushaefer Nail Polish

still the only nail polish
containing PLASTEEN . . .
the miracle chip-proofing
ingredient *only* 15¢

and

New-Formula Iridescents

in fabulous jewel shades *only* 20¢



Super Lasteen Lipstick

in the improved free wheeling,
swivel case with the unique
color-teller tip *only* 39¢

all plus tax

Helen Neushaefer

at your favorite variety or drug store

MIKE TODD — FLOWER ARRANGER

■ That Mike Todd is a man of many talents no one would deny. But even his closest friends probably don't realize that Mike possesses a professional touch for flower arranging.

This hidden talent came out just before Mike's marriage to Liz Taylor.

The morning of the wedding day, with the ceremony only a couple of hours away, Mike was asking about the flowers he'd ordered. No one seemed to know anything about them.

Eventually, of course, the flowers arrived—less than an hour before the time set for the wedding—*a whole station wagon full of them!* Basket after basket of colorful blooms were unloaded, and carried into the front hall. But the florist had failed to send along anyone to arrange the bouquets!

Mike rose to the challenge in characteristic fashion. He drafted some of his houseguests, Eddie Fisher, Cantinflas, and Mike Todd Jr., and sent them scurrying through the house, rounding up every available container in which the flowers might be placed. Soon the room was full to overflowing with tropical blooms, just the way Mike wanted it.

And then Mike decided that he, personally, would arrange the flowers on the marriage table. Carefully, painstakingly, arranging one individual blossom at a time, he set about covering the cloth with a solid blanket of bloom.

As the time for the ceremony grew alarmingly near, Mike Jr. offered his assistance. Reluctantly, Mike Sr. allowed his son to help. But only for a moment. Mike Sr. suddenly ordered his son to cease and desist.

Curious over what had aroused the Toddian wrath, the onlookers asked what crime Mike Jr. had committed.

"Any fool knows a marriage cloth should be covered with only white blooms!" Mike Sr. spluttered, "this guy was putting *colored* flowers into the arrangement!"



NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein

WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR LOVE
Beau James
The Bachelor Party

FOR SUSPENSE
Gunfight At The O.K. Corral
Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison
Untamed Youth
The Tattered Dress

FOR LAUGHS
This Could Be The Night
Joe Butterfly

FOR SHIVERS
Abandon Ship

FOR ADVENTURE
Boy On A Dolphin



BOB HOPE portrays New York City's most colorful political figure, Mayor Jimmy Walker. Here he's shown with his wife, Alexis Smith, during an exciting scene from *Beau James*.

BEAU JAMES
the life and times of Jimmy Walker

▪ A tribute to New York and to one of its most popular Mayors—Jimmy Walker—*Beau James* will appeal to everyone who appreciates a man who enjoyed life and love. Nineteen-twenty-five in this city was a fine, gay, prosperous time. Walker (Bob Hope), who would rather have been Mayor of New York than president, and would rather have been on Broadway than in City Hall, stumps for office all over town with more than a flair for vaudeville. He's a sharp dresser and a lover of the limelight and good living—too easygoing a lover of both to suit his wife (Alexis Smith) who is politically ambitious for him. In fact, her ambition seems to be the real reason she hasn't divorced him, although her religion too was against it. On the night he's elected Mayor, Walker, still barred from his wife's room, goes down to a Greenwich Village nightclub. There he is appalled by the singing of a young chorus girl (Vera Miles). She finds him outside the club at five in the morning sleeping off the night on a bench, and takes him home. She is appalled to discover that he is the Mayor and gives him a lecture on civic responsibility. He responds by getting her a featured role in a Broadway show. He falls in love. As Mayor, he does a lot in the way of providing schools and hospitals for the city; he even appoints men he considers honest for big jobs. But even though he is honest himself, he is unable to stop the graft and corruption that flowers in his party. When he publicly reveals his love for Vera, the city turns against him. Though his charm carried him along for a while, an investigation into party politics weakens his position. *I may have been a chump,* he tells a vast audience gathered for a ball game at YANKEE STADIUM, *but I'm not the only one. You were the chumps who elected me.* And he resigns from his office. Debonair was the word for Walker and Bob Hope plays him to the hilt, bringing warmth and tenderness to what is also a touching love story. With Paul Douglas, Darren McGavin, Joe Mantello. Narrated by Walter Winchell. VistaVision—Paramount.

THE BACHELOR PARTY
middle-class love in the city

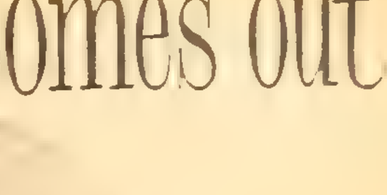
▪ Paddy Chayevsky, the voice of New York's middle class, offers another realistic portrait of somewhat dreary heroes and heroines. Don Murray is an average bookkeeper who lives in an apartment house project with an average wife (Patricia Smith) and goes to night school in hopes of becoming a certified public accountant. When Patricia informs him that he is also going to become a father, he shows an average amount of dismay. There is a young fellow (Philip Abbott) in Don's office who is going to get married— (*Continued on page* 26)

Debbie comes out



A nice girl but not glamorous, until...

First, she darkens and silkens colorless lashes and brows with a touch of rich KURLENE eyelash cream every night.
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tube **50c*** jar **$1.00***
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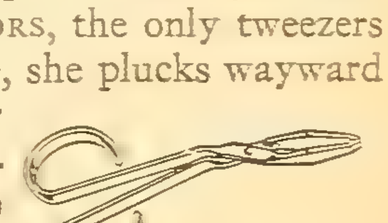


Second, Debbie shapes uneven eyebrows. With gentle TWISSORS, the only tweezers with scissor handles, she plucks wayward hairs from under brows. (New coif flatters eyes and face.)
TWISSORS® **75c**





Third, Debbie's undramatic eyes become bright, sparkling. She uses KURLASH eyelash curler to give a bewitching curve to her lashes . . . new beauty to her eyes.
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See what Debbie's eye beauty plan can do for you! KURLASH products at your local department, drug or variety store.

The Kurlash® Company, Inc., Rochester 4, N.Y.
(Also available in Canada)



Discover the poise that comes when you're sure of yourself!

How marvelous that clean-all-over feeling, that sure knowledge that you're at your *sweetest*, your *freshest!* How much happier, more confident you feel, knowing there's not a chance in the world of "offending"—since you discovered the "Lysol" way!

"Lysol" belongs in your regular grooming routine. Just a teaspoonful added to your douche guards against "embarrassing odor," gives you a sense of complete cleanliness that nothing else seems to equal.

Indeed, "Lysol" means new freshness, new daintiness for you. For "Lysol" is more than a cleanser, more than a deodorant. It's an active germ-killer that gets into folds and crevices and kills odor-causing bacteria on contact.
Its thorough action *lasts!*

Try new mild "Lysol" brand disinfectant today. Write for free booklet (sent in plain envelope) on medically-approved way of douching. Send your name and address to "Lysol," Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. DM-576.



Look for New Bottle

Lysol®
BRAND DISINFECTANT

A Lehn & Fink Product • Also available in Canada

movie previews *(Continued from page 25)*

why, he knows not. There is the average reaction of good fellowship among the other bookkeepers—Larry Blyden, who has sown his wild oats and now wears rimless glasses; E. G. Marshall, who is past forty and dying of asthma but bound and determined to see his son through medical school; Jack Warden, a confirmed bachelor whose casual ways with the ladies arouse the envy of all. They decide that Philip must be given a bachelor party. It is a night of revelation. They have dinner in Greenwich Village, watch some dubiously educational films at Warden's apartment, carouse rather tiredly in a couple of bars, and wind up at a very crowded, pathetically Bohemian party in some girl's apartment. During the course of all this, Don Murray grows up. That is, he rejects the advances of a lost girl, excellently played by Carolyn Jones, gets new insight into the souls of his fellow bookkeepers —Lord preserve him from being like *them*!— and runs home with the conviction that his own average life with his own average wife is nothing less than Heaven.—U.A.

THIS COULD BE THE NIGHT
New Yorkese comedy

▪ Here is a delightful adventure into the bistros that line 52nd Street in New York—a street of lightly-clad dancing girls and heavy spenders. Jean Simmons, a fresh young schoolteacher with a classy accent, applies to club-owner Paul Douglas for a secretarial job. He is completely charmed; he'd hire her just to hear her talk, if nothing else. His young partner Anthony Franciosa, whom Douglas saved from what would probably have been a life of crime, is not charmed at all. He feels inferior to Jean and shows it through boorish behavior. Jean, innocent and friendly, gets the nickname of *Baby* and spreads joy around. She gives strip-tease dancer Neile Adams a carrot-pie recipe with which to win a cooking contest. Neile's mother (Joan Blondell) takes it hard because she wants her girl to stay a stripper. She inspires the artistry of chef J. Carroll Naish. She is instrumental in helping bus-boy Rafael Campos pass an important algebra exam. She befriends the sophisticated, but not jaded, singer Julie Wilson. She cures Paul Douglas of chronic indigestion and she startles Anthony Franciosa into falling for her. This terrifies him since he is not the type to go to night school and become high class. The characters are warm and lovable; the dialogue is funny; the story, though not amazingly original, gains immeasurably from its very talented performers. With Murvyn Vye. —MGM.

HEAVENS KNOWS, MR. ALLISON
a nun, a Marine and an island

▪ Because John Huston directs, *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison* has the aura and polish of an important film. The photography, the acting by Deborah Kerr and Robert Mitchum, the pacing are all first rate. But the story itself is not much more than a gimmick. The scene is a desolate atoll in the South Pacific during World War II. Mitchum, a Marine, drifts up to it on a rubber raft, all that's left of the submarine he was on. Cautiously searching the atoll he finds the remains of a small village and a church. In the church is a young nun, Deborah Kerr. They are alone on Kora-Kora. Mitchum is a rough, uncultivated Marine who "broke out" of an orphanage at fourteen and, as he explains to Deborah, "got the Corps like you got the Church." She has not quite got the church because she has still to take her final vows. But anyone can see that she is a fine and truly devoted nun. It turns out that Mitchum is a pretty fine fellow himself and, being alone, it's natural for them to be drawn together. Then Japanese soldiers swarm over the island, and the two take to a cave. Mitchum does some fancy and dangerous footwork to get some supplies from the Japanese camp. When the Japanese leave, he gets drunk on Saki and frightens Deborah with a marriage proposal. She's frightened because she likes him. When the Japanese return, Mitchum risks his life to steal blankets for Deborah who took quite sick on the night of his proposal. By this time he realizes he doesn't have a chance with her. He does get the chance, though, to help the Marines land. CinemaScope—20th-Fox.

TAMMY AND THE BACHELOR
Debbie goes barefoot in Mississippi

▪ Somewhere in the Bayou country of Mississippi you will find Tammy (Debbie Reynolds) with her long tan hair and her wise swamp ways. Other people let their lives become hopelessly burdened because they don't know how to be themselves. But Tammy, living on a shanty-boat with a goat and grandpa Walter Brennan, knows what's what. One night a plane crashes nearby and Tammy has the opportunity to nurse survivor Leslie Neilsen back to life. When Grandpa is thrown into jail for manufacturing corn liquor, Tammy goes to Brentwood Hall, where Leslie lives. At the moment, Leslie is trying to save the plantation by planting tomatoes on it. His fiancée (Mala Powers) wants him to go into the advertising business. His aunt (Mildred Natwick), who wears Chinese kimonos and is bedeviled by cats, has always wanted to live in New Orleans. His mother (Fay Wray) dreams bitterly of old southern splendor. His father (Sidney Blackmer), a professor, has retreated behind his books. Tammy sets each and every one straight by and by. Only thing she can't save is the tomato crop. But there's the compensation of knowing that Leslie will keep on planting year after year with Tammy at his side. CinemaScope—U-I.

GUNFIGHT AT THE O.K. CORRAL
starring Kirk Douglas and Burt Lancaster

▪ This is a big, complicated Western which, along with all the shooting you can ask for, presents men's souls for scrutiny. First there's Kirk Douglas, an ex-dentist who gave up his practice because of bad health and has become a gambler, a drunk, an inviter of trouble and a very good shot—whose daring, one shortly learns, is due to his indifference to life. He has a girl friend (Jo Van Fleet) whom he abuses. She somehow reminds him, by being the direct opposite, of the graceful southern life he led as a boy. There is Dodge City Marshal Wyatt Earp (Burt Lancaster), respected by all, feared and disliked by outlaws. There is Rhonda Fleming, a lady gambler who'd give up gambling for Earp if Earp would give up marshalling for a ranch in California. It's about 1870 in Texas, and men are killing each other like flies. Lancaster rides into town looking for the Clanton gang led by Clanton (Lyle Bettger), but Bettger's been and gone. However, a fellow named Bailey (Lee Van Cleef) is about to have been. You see, he's come to town aching to kill Kirk Douglas, who killed Bailey's brother in self-defense. When Douglas (*Continued on page 28*)



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whatever form your special fun takes! And it's such a *comfortable* way to be beautiful on the beach, trim on the tennis court, sliver-slim when you bowl! Kleinert's pantie girdle is made of pure natural rubber. It's velvet-textured outside *and* skin-side...never feels sticky. It's perforated to let your skin "breathe"; has a non-roll top. It slims you the second you slip it on...yet gives you "no-girdle" freedom! Pink or white; small, medium and large. About $2.



All about a little Mississippi riverboat gal who taught a sophisticated bachelor about Love, a stuffy town about Fun ...and an ultra-modern family about Happiness!



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REYNOLDS

Tammy

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LESLIE NIELSEN · WALTER BRENNAN

MALA POWERS · SIDNEY BLACKMER · MILDRED NATWICK with Fay Wray

Directed by JOSEPH PEVNEY • Screenplay by OSCAR BRODNEY • Produced by ROSS HUNTER

movie previews

(*Continued from page 26*)

kills Bailey, Lancaster saves him from a lynching. A firm friendship is established, although neither one will admit it. Jo Van Fleet takes up with John Ireland, one of Clanton's hired guns. Rhonda Fleming takes up, and dismisses, Lancaster because he's bent on hunting down Clanton. Clanton has a herd of stolen cattle which he plans to walk to Mexico. Well, the upshot is the gunfight at O. K. Corral where Clanton and his gang face Lancaster and his gang. The biggest part of the gang is Kirk Douglas. Peace, as they say, is restored to the lawless frontier. VistaVision—Paramount.

JOE BUTTERFLY

G.I.'s in post-war Tokyo

▪ The occupation of Japan is not just a matter of moving in troops. Where to put the troops is one big question, and where to find an officer for the editors of *Yank* magazine is another big question with which this picture largely and amusingly deals. Enter Joe Butterfly (Burgess Meredith), a Japanese operator with an hilarious command of American slang and a willingness to traffic in anything from black-market cigarettes to on-the-spot delivery of Tokyo Rose. George Nader is more or less in charge of *Yank*. Audie Murphy was *Yank's* photographer until his irrepressible spirits got him deported home. He's a practical joker whose chief butt is Keenan Wynn, rival publisher out to take over *Yank's* printing press for his own. Being irrepressible, Audie arrives AWOL in Tokyo and moves into the charming house and garden Joe Butterfly commandeered for *Yank*. Quite a coup, too, since American Generals are haplessly wandering all over Tokyo looking for straw to sleep on, and the *Yank* staff rightfully belongs in a barracks. The house is also inhabited by its Japanese owner, his family and remote cousins; Joe Butterfly invited them along to share in the army's wealth. Well, there is a great deal of horsing around, stimulated by the attempt to keep the house, to keep commanding officer Fred Clark from finding out about the house, to keep Keenan Wynn under control, to keep Audie Murphy concealed and to keep still long enough to put out the first edition of *Yank*. It's a lot of fun. CinemaScope—U-I.

BOY ON A DOLPHIN

romantic adventure in Greece

▪ Here is another part of the world—Athens, the island of Hydra and the Aegean Sea—serving as a beautiful background for an equally picturesque adventure story. Sophia Loren dives for sponges to support herself, her little brother (Pierro Giagnoni) and her handsome, lazy boy friend (Jorg Mistral). One afternoon underwater she discovers a rare treasure—a statue of a boy riding a pure gold dolphin. Sophia hurries to Athens to find a rich foreigner to pay for the treasure. She finds Alan Ladd, an American archeologist in charge of the MUSEUM ACROPOLIS. She also finds Clifton Webb, a very elegant and wealthy thief who has often been thwarted by Ladd in his attempts to keep such treasures for himself. Ladd of course knows that they all belong to the Greek people. Sophia likes Ladd, but she likes money more. After spending a few hours on Webb's yacht she agrees to double-cross Ladd. While Webb makes plans to sneak the treasure out of Greek waters, Sophia and Ladd spend days diving together,

ut always in the wrong places. As the plot leasantly thickens there is much to delight he eye—especially the exuberant beauty of ophia Loren and the seemingly eternal beauty f Greece. CinemaScope—20th-Fox.

ABANDON SHIP

too many survivors in one lifeboat

This movie is based on an actual happening vhich occurred about a hundred years ago. For films, the tragedy has been transposed o a present-day setting and characterizations. There is a luxury ship whose 'round-the-world ruise is interrupted by a stray mine that lasts it in two. A thousand people are killed mmediately, but about twenty-seven souls ind themselves in or around a lifeboat that s built to hold nine. A French poodle is mong the survivors, and just to reveal the nood of the movie—officer-in-charge Tyrone Power refuses to throw the dog overboard to nake room for one of the men in the water. The reason he refuses is because dog meat s edible—and things may come to that. The ifeboat is bobbing along amid sharks, debris nd the threat of storm. No SOS was sent ut and the nearest land is Africa, 1,500 miles away. Something drastic has to be done. Lloyd Nolan, who is about to die, tells Power hat the only way to save anyone is to lighten he ship by abandoning those who can't pull heir own weight. After which suggestion he dives overboard. No one feels inclined to follow his example. So Power, with the aid of a gun, decides who shall be given up as sacrifices to the sea. His girl friend, nurse Mai Zetterling, is horrified by this, as are those whom Power puts off the boat—the playwright (he's seasick), the ex-opera star (she's old), the young mother (cracked ribs), the atomic scientist (he's ill), and several others who are ill, hurt, or weak. Those left in the boat are strong and healthy, but with not much else to recommend them. Tyrone Power is never quite sure, even after the lifeboat is picked up, whether he did right.—Columbia.

THE BURGLAR

all about a diamond necklace

One day little Jayne Mansfield knocks on the door of Sister Sara, a wealthy Philadelphia spiritualist. When Sister Sara says *what is it?*—Jayne gives her a quarter for the cause. You wouldn't believe that Jayne is actually a case worker. That is, she cases Sister Sara's joint so that Dan Duryea can sneak in later and steal a diamond necklace from Sara's bedroom safe. But that is what happens. Dan has two assistants (Peter Capell, Mickey Shaughnessey) who keep nagging him to get rid of Jayne. *Who needs her?* they ask. As it happens, Dan really doesn't need her. But when he was a little orphan boy she was the daughter of a burglar who gave him a good home and made him promise to take care of Jayne ever after. Dan sends her to Atlantic City for safekeeping after the robbery. There she finds a boy friend (Steward Bradley) who is a corrupt policeman in plain clothes. Back in Philadelphia Dan finds a girl friend (Martha Vickers) who is a partner of the corrupt policeman. They all want the diamonds, but what they all get is what they deserve.—Columbia.

THE TATTERED DRESS

and the tattered court of law

Elaine Stewart staggers home with her dress all in pieces and a wicked smile on her face. Her husband (Philip Reed) races off in a car to shoot her boy friend. Obviously it's murder, but criminal (*Continued on page* 30)

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the whole day through!

At last you can wear a make-up that needs no retouching from nine to five — from dusk 'til bedtime. Westmore's Tru-Glo won't fade, won't turn orange, won't even streak! Your complexion stays alive and glowing! Will your present make-up give you the same breathtaking results? Get Tru-Glo — the cosmetic creation of Hollywood's Westmore Brothers — and compare!

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1. Is your feminine daintiness well protected at all times ?



2. Can the rush of nervous perspiration be controlled ?



3. Is there a sure way to put an end to ugly perspiration stains ?



4. Is one bath a day really enough for an active girl like you ?

Girls who know the answers use Arrid —to be sure!

You owe it to yourself to get 100% on this test. It's a cinch you will, too, if you're smart enough to use Arrid daily.

For Arrid is the most effective deodorant your money can buy. Doctors prove that Arrid is 1½ times as effective against perspiration and odor as all leading deodorants tested.

Why? Only Arrid is formulated with the magic new ingredient Perstop.* That's why more people have used and are using Arrid to protect against odor and perspiration than any other deodorant.

What's in it for you? Just this!

1. **Arrid keeps you safe** morning, noon and night! Rub Arrid in—rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes you know you're safe. *And approachable* any hour of the day or night.

2. **Arrid protects you** against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. It keeps you dry even when anxiety or excitement cause your glands to gush perspiration.

3. **Arrid stops perspiration stains.** Used daily, it keeps your underarms dry, soft and sweet. There's never a hint the situation's getting warm. Saves clothes from ugly stains even on hot, sticky days.

4. **Arrid's rubbed-in protection** starts on contact—keeps you shower-bath fragrant for 24 hours! Remember—nothing protects you like a cream. And no cream protects you like Arrid. No wonder Arrid is America's number one deodorant!



Don't be half safe.
Be completely safe.
Use Arrid . . .
to be sure.

43¢ *plus tax.*

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movie previews

(*Continued from page 29*)

lawyer Jeff Chandler comes from New York to California, where the crime took place, to get Reed acquitted. Chandler has his own problems. His wife (Jeanne Crain) took their two children and left him after there was one too many other women; the people in this California town despise New York lawyers, and sheriff Jack Carson does all he can to stand in the way of justice because Philip Reed's victim was like a son to Carson. Carson claims that among the jurors—who have acquitted Reed because of Chandler's silver-tongued oratory—is a woman (Gail Russell) who was bribed by Chandler to bring in a *not-guilty* verdict. Sheer nonsense, of course. But pretty soon Jeff's in court pleading his *own* case. And there's something about a day in court that leads to true humility. CinemaScope—U-I.

UNTAMED YOUTH

cages, everyone!

▪ Imagine anyone calling Mamie Van Doren and Lori Nelson vagrants and sentencing them to thirty days labor on a cotton-picking ranch! When she's not picking cotton or being treed by two fierce dogs belonging to ranch owner John Russell, Mamie flings herself around the company store singing frenzied rock 'n' roll numbers—much to the enchantment of the cotton-picking youths. How did all this come about? It seems that middle-aged female judge (Lurene Tuttle) has been somewhat starved for love and formed an attachment for young, handsome, cold-blooded Russell. So she keeps his ranch well-supplied with prison labor. Lurene can hardly guess that Russell is abusive. It isn't until Lurene's son (Don Burnett) comes home from war and goes to work as a harvester on Russell's ranch that she is forced to face unpleasant facts.—Columbia.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS: David Niven bets that he can go around the world in eighty days and proceeds to do so with his valet, Cantinflas. They have many exciting adventures, which include rescuing Indian Princess Shirley MacLaine, a battle with the Indians in America, and an exciting bullfight in Spain. Filmed in Todd-AO process, this movie has fifty stars, is two hours and fifty-five minutes long and is a grand, unique extravaganza.

LUST FOR LIFE (MGM): Here is the life story of the great artist, Vincent Van Gogh, whose need to paint was exceeded only by his need for love. Kirk Douglas gives a vivid portrayal of an eccentric, tortured personality, supported by Anthony Quinn and Pamela Brown.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS (Para.): The film traces the life of Moses from the time of his birth through his forty years of wandering in the Wilderness to his leave-taking from his people, who enter the promised land without him. Charlton Heston gives a fine performance as Moses, the son of Jews who was brought up by an Egyptian princess. Among the cast are Yvonne De Carlo, Anne Baxter, Nina Foch, Yul Brynner, Edward G. Robinson, John Derek, Debra Paget, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Vincent Price, Eduard Franz. Directed by Cecil B. DeMille.

ANASTASIA (20th-Fox): Ingrid Bergman plays Anastasia, and Yul Brynner plays Bounine—the man who is trying to prove to Russian Empress Helen Hayes that Ingrid is the young Grand Duchess. Rumor has it that Anastasia may *not* have died in the mass assassination of the Royal family in 1918.

FEAR STRIKES OUT (Para.): A young lifetime of straining to the breaking point to live up to his father's ideals finally does break Jim Piersall of the Red Sox. Anthony Perkins plays Piersall, Karl Malden his father, and Norma Moore is the girl Jim marries. After his breakdown, psychiatrist Adam Williams brings him back to the real world and helps Jim to build a life of his own.



WHEN YUL BEAT THE U.S. MARINE CORPS

Everybody knows that Yul Brynner speaks eleven languages. That he is an expert chef. That he is a world traveller. But what most of his fans don't know is that he's also a ju-jitsu champion.

One Marine found out the hard way!

Shortly after Yul arrived in the United States, he was invited to a party. A typical wiseguy kept pestering Yul. First, he taunted Yul saying that he doubted he had ever been born in the Orient. A half dozen cocktails later. he jeered that Yul couldn't speak Japanese. As a clincher, he stated flatly that if Yul *had* been in Japan, naturally he would know ju-jitsu.

That's when Yul saw his chance to play a practical joke on this pest.

"No," he said quietly, "I don't know ju-jitsu. But I've wanted to learn."

"Aw, it's too rough for *you!*"

"I'm game," was all that Yul replied.

They agreed to meet the next day at a ju-jitsu academy run by a former U. S. Marine Corps instructor.

A burly Marine sergeant explained to Yul the principal points of the sport. Yul was thrown a dozen times and his "friend" couldn't keep from laughing.

"I'll get the hang of it," said Yul slyly. "You wouldn't like to bet I throw *him* the next time, would you? Just a gentleman's bet, fifty bucks maybe?"

The guy jumped at the chance to pick up some easy money.

That's where he made his mistake.

Yul and the Marine grappled for a few seconds and then, to everybody's amazement, the sergeant found himself in an excruciatingly painful arm-lock. When Yul let loose, he went flying through the air. When he got to his feet, Yul slammed him against the mat so hard the sergeant's wrist was broken.

While the wiseguy paid off the bet, Yul apologized to the Marine.

"Heck," said the bewildered sergeant, "I don't mind. What I don't get is where you learned ju-jitsu so good?"

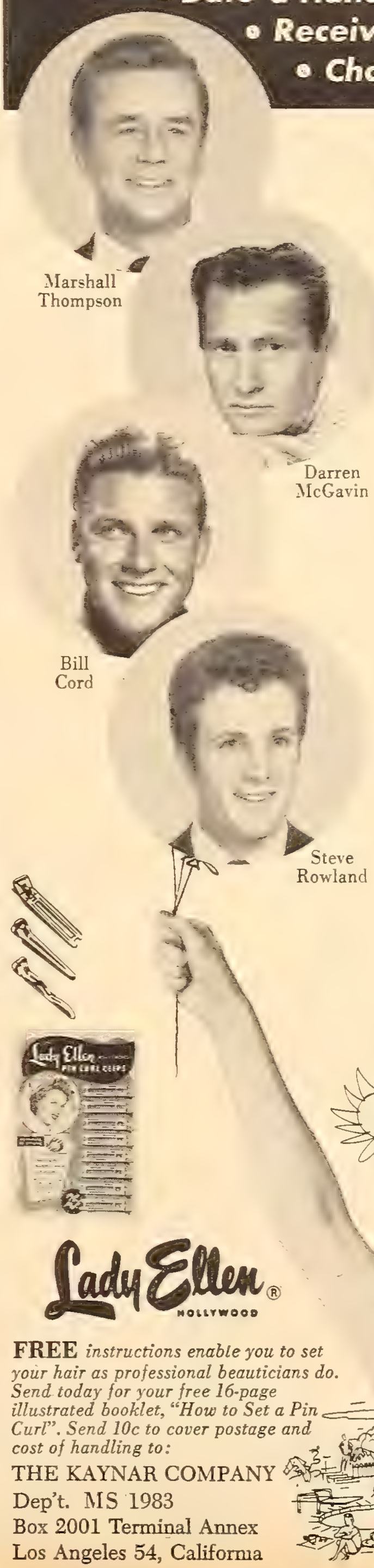
"Oh," said Yul, "I never did learn ju-jitsu. You see, *my* specialty is judo!"

Which just happens to be twice as rough!

Yul's currently in 20th's Anastasia.

LIVE LIKE A MOVIE STAR FOR 2 FUN-PACKED WEEKS

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LADY ELLEN PRINCESS OF 1957!!

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Imagine living like a movie star in Hollywood for two wonderful weeks, with all expenses paid plus a $500 wardrobe! Imagine dating Bill Cord, Darren McGavin, Steve Rowland or Marshall Thompson! It's YOUR choice! AND you may have a professional Screen Test at a Major Studio! This is optional. You may enter the Search for the Lady Ellen Princess just for two glorious weeks of FUN! EVERY GIRL AND WOMAN in the United States and Canada is eligible!

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Here's all you do: Tell us your "greatest wish" in a letter written as if to a friend. Literary quality will not count. Begin your letter, "My greatest wish is . . .", complete it in **50 words or less.** Add one sentence, "I would like a date with . . ." and name one of the stars pictured above. (Any minor winning the Lady Ellen Princess Search will be accompanied by a chaperone approved by parents or guardian during her Hollywood visit.)

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Beverly Faye Robinson
Lady Ellen Princess of 1956

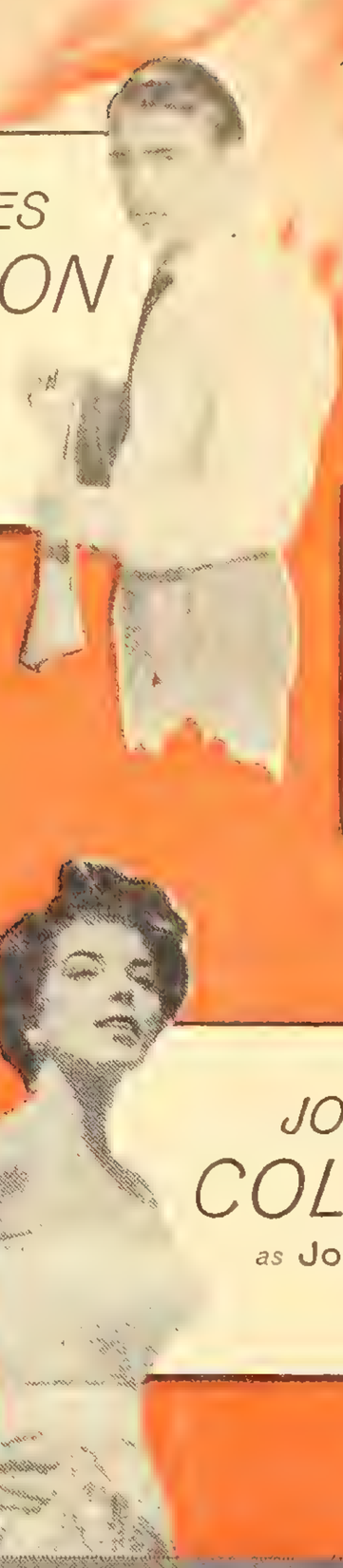
DARRYL F.
ZANUCK'S

ISLAND IN THE SUN

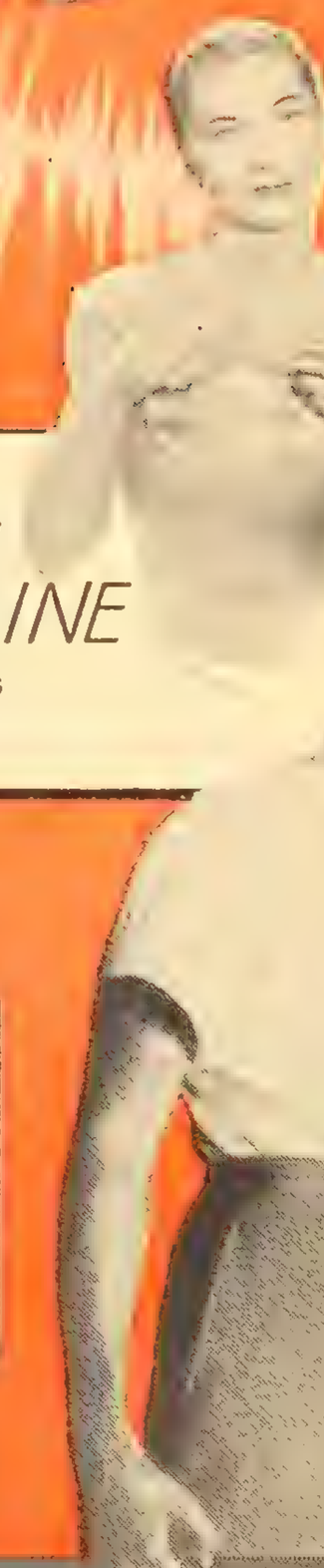
by Alec Waugh

Directed by
ROBERT ROSSEN

The place is the West Indies.
The tantalizing sun
hides so many sins!



JAMES
MASON
as
Maxwell
Fleury



JOAN
FONTAINE
as Mavis



DOROTHY
DANDRIDGE
as Margot

MICHAEL
RENNIE
as Carson

JOAN
COLLINS
as Jocelyn

HARRY
BELAFONTE
as Boyeur

with
Diana Wynyard · John Williams · Stephen Boyd · Basil Sydney · John Justin · Ronald Squire · Patricia Owens

Produced by
DARRYL F. ZANUCK

Screenplay by
ALFRED HAYES

COLOR by DE LUXE
CINEMASCOPE
Released by 20th Century-Fox

THREE MIRACLES

Harry Belafonte stood under a
Florida moon that washed the street
with golden light, and felt his soul
knot as he heard the policeman
say *Where you goin' Nigra?* . . .



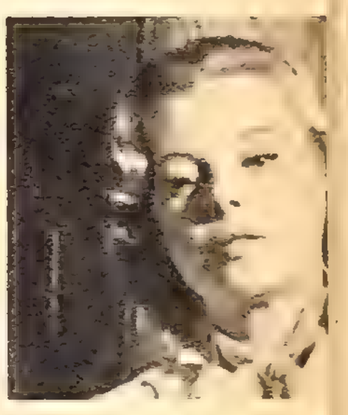
page 36

Elizabeth Taylor's pain-tight body
started to tremble in the circle of Mike's
arms, and again a little disc in her
spine—crushed and herniated—made
her whispered words become a
shriek of agony . . .



page 44

June Allyson, breathing the pure oxygen
that filled the tent over her narrow white
hospital bed, opened her eyes and—for
the brief moment before she was in a
coma again—thought *I'm alone. But
perhaps everyone must die alone* . . .



page 34

These are three of the stories you'll read
on the following pages. When we read them,
we cried. Sad stories? Not at all! Our
tears came because these are people who
thought there would be no more
laughter—and then, again, found strength
to make life good to live. Sometimes
the strength was within themselves. But
when it wasn't from inside that a
miracle came—somehow, always, as if
through a vast and unknown Plan, each was
given an unexpected arm to lean on
and a soul to travel with. When *you* read
their stories, you'll know what I mean.

David Ayers

JUNE ALLYSON BROKE HER HUSBAND'S HEART... THEN A MIRACLE SAVED HER MARRIAGE



■ "All right, Mrs. Powell," the nurse said gently. "I won't argue with you any more. If you don't want to eat, you don't have to." She walked to the windows, and with a firm snap the Venetian blinds closed, cutting off the view of Los Angeles spread out below them. "But you must sleep," she said. "The doctor said you must sleep. And with all those pneumonia germs racing around in your system, with your temperature, it's a wonder to me you can stay awake at all."

She walked to the bed, and with deft fingers straightened pillows, smoothed the sheet, fixed the oxygen tent over the too-thin, too-pale June Allyson. "There now," she said. "You *will* try to sleep, won't you?"

"I'll try," June said. She turned her head—away from the cheerful smile, the sympathetic eyes. She heard the door close behind the nurse. The room was quiet again. Nothing moved.

"I'm going to die," she thought. "I am going to die."

She lay very still, a tiny, pathetically thin, almost wasted body; a tired, tortured face. Faintly, through the window, came the sounds of the city below—cars moving through the streets, footsteps hurrying, a voice rising softly in the dusk. The sounds of life, of people who had a place to go, someone to meet, someone to love. "The way I did," she thought. "Before whatever it was went wrong . . ." She shut her eyes quickly. She could almost hear the nurse: "Don't cry, Mrs. Powell. The doctor says it's so bad for you to cry." But the tears came anyway, flooding the clouded blue eyes, tumbling down the cheeks. "The way I did once . . ."

Once, she had been the spirit of youth. Everything that was young and gay and right. And eternally happy —excited with living, but mostly— always happy—June Allyson, laughing and dancing and tossing her little blonde head through a hundred pictures, being to a whole world everything that meant youth and beauty. And being young, she could get away with anything. With marrying Dick Powell, eighteen years her senior, with babbling to everyone who would listen of how she loved him, worshipped him, of how he was teaching her to dress, to entertain, to live. Of how they wanted children . . . oh, she could do anything.

Anything—even—even get away with that silly nonsense, that school-girl crush on (*Continued on page 89*)



Here it is—one of the greatest stories ever to
appear in a movie magazine—the complete
life saga of Hollywood's first Negro star...

By Kirtley Baskette

HARRY BELAFONTE

One afternoon seven years ago, a tortured young man slammed the door of his hotel room in Miami, Flor-
a, and then sank wearily on the bed to think things out. His tall body was trembling. Inside it his heart
as sick. He had just been stopped by police and made to show the pass that was required back then in 1950
cross from the colored section to the white. He had six separate passes, and he needed them just to work
nd move around in Florida after the eight o'clock curfew for Negroes. Harry Belafonte was a New Yorker.
ut he was also a Negro, singing in a Miami night club. What he was singing—the stuff from Tin Pan Alley
—distressed him even more than the curfew and the passes. He felt like a traitor to himself, his hopes,
earnings. His ideals. He walked to the mirror and asked himself, "What am I doing down here taking all
his stuff? What am I doing *anywhere*, singing this junk?" What Harry Belafonte was doing was making
is living. In New York he had a wife and a year-old baby girl to support. Crooning in night clubs was earning
im more money than he had ever made in his life. He had studied long and hard to become an actor, but
e had never yet found an acting job. He had nothing else to take its place. But that night Harry Belafonte
uit and went back home, telling himself, "I'll sing again when I can sing what I *want* to sing, when I can
ing with dignity." He went to work in a restaurant to support his family. And when he sang again Harry sang as
e vowed he would. That courageous decision has given America its greatest folk artist. By now Harry Bela-
onte is almost a national institution, and his name is a household word. His record albums of Americana
utsell those of any two other leading singers, and top most disk jockey polls. In Hollywood two studios
ave big-budget pictures preparing to star him, and Broadway has musicals waiting. (*Continued on page 73*)

TONY AND JANET ANSWER 23 QUESTIONS



Q. *What's the worst fault you find in each other?*

JANET He's cranky when he gets up in the morning and usually says things without even knowing he's saying them. An hour later he'll come to and wonder why I'm a little peeved—not remembering what he said when he woke up!

TONY Janet doesn't know how to relax as much as she should. Leisure to Janet seems to mean busy, busy—checking on some household matter, emptying ash-trays or clearing out bureau and desk drawers. She can't sit still and enjoy the luxury of idleness.

Q. *Who does the baby look like?*

JANET She has Tony's nose, mouth and color of eyes. She has my shape eyes, high forehead, fair hair and coloring.

TONY In short, she's a living doll!

Q. *How often do you fight, and how—pillows, dishes, or words?*

JANET Maybe a flare-up once a week. That's an average; maybe none for two weeks and then two in a week.

TONY And it's but definitely in words! A few thousand of them on my part while Janet scores her points with silence. But that silence, let me tell you, speaks louder than any of my words!

Q. *Who makes up first?*

JANET I think we usually decide to start agreeing about the same time. After the first blast of letting off steam we're both usually ready to settle it and get it over with—because then it's not fun anymore.

TONY We alternate at the job.

Q. *Who gets out of bed first in the morning?*

JANET Depends on our work. If we're both working, I usually have an earlier call. If I'm working, naturally I get up first. If just Tony is working, he gets up first of course. If neither of us is working, I usually get up first. Tony loves to sleep late.

TONY Janet does. When I'm not working, I indulge myself by sleeping late. It's my favorite pleasure. (*Continued on page* 85)



MODERN SCREEN'S

Rock Hudson

PIN-UPS OF THE MONTH



Bob Wagner

by LOU LARKIN

When Kim was 13



■ This is a story for young girls who have never been kissed by a boy in love. And a story that any woman may remember from yesterday.

All of it happened to Kim Novak. And all of it she remembers.

"I know it's all over," Kim says, "but sometimes when I hear a certain song, or hear a voice, or see a special kind of face, it all comes back to me, quickly, without warning, as though it were just waiting in the back of my mind to be remembered."

Kim was curled up on a chaise longue in a dressing room of the once-luxurious Los Angeles BILTMORE, the city's only legitimate theater. She wore a *roaring-twenties* kimono to take the chill off her bare shoulders. Underneath she was dressed in an off-beige, heavily beaded gown, cut to the fashions of 1927. It was her costume for a scene in the *Jeanne Eagels* story.

"Problems," Kim sighed with a reminiscent smile, "there were times when I thought I was the world's most miserable girl! And all because of boys. But at least, they were the cure—as well as the cause!—of it all.

"I think the first time I regarded a boy as anything (*Continued on page 79*)





the truth about LIZ TAYLOR'S FRIGHTENING ILLNESS

by SUSAN WENDER

■ "I can't marry you, Mike," Liz Taylor said. Her face was drawn and white against the pillow, her eyes were blurry with tears.

Mike Todd sat down carefully on the edge of the bed. He reached for Liz' hand. "Come on, sweetie," he said. "Tell Daddy. Why can't you marry me—too busy this week?"

"Oh, Mike—don't joke. I'm so serious. I—I just can't tell you how much I mean this." Painfully, she pulled herself up a little in the bed. "I've been lying here—thinking and thinking. My head's going 'round. But one thing keeps repeating over and over. I'm not well enough to get married. Not to anyone. Not ever."

The tears spilled over, traced patterns down her pale face to the hospital sheets. "I'm sorry," she gulped. "I didn't want to make an idiot of myself. I was just—going to tell you—calmly. And tell you—good-by—and that would be that—only—"

"Only—" Mike said gently.

"Only I love you so much!" She was sobbing, her face contorted. With a sudden movement she buried her head in the pillow.

"Liz," Mike said, "don't throw yourself around like that, honey. It's no good for your back." He eased himself off the bed. "Look, sweetie, I'll tell you something else that's no good for you. Getting rid of me is no good. If there's anything in the whole wide world that's going to make you better, it's me. Just remember that for a change when your head starts going 'round. See?"

Liz looked up. "No, Mike," she said slowly. "I do love you, and I—I even love the way you think you can—change the world, just by saying something. But this isn't—isn't anything like that. Mike, listen. I don't know what's wrong with me. I have—all sorts of things. Colitis. Heart trouble. Things wrong with my legs. Blood clots. Flu. Things that—get into my eyes. All the time, there's something. I—can't even count how many times I've been in hospitals."

Suddenly her face was white, as white as if a bare spotlight had suddenly been turned on. Mike reached for her but, almost screaming, she begged "Don't touch me!" Almost screaming, she cried "Mike, it hurts so!"

He stood there, helpless . . . her pain mirrored on his face. Then, as suddenly as the pain had come, it left her. Her rigid body relaxed, and she tried to smile.

"They say—" she closed her eyes. He saw her suck in her breath. "They say it's all in my mind, some of them. The—the (*Continued on page 82*)



Eddie Fisher's kid brother reveals

"WHY EDDIE'S TEARING DOWN WALLS AND BUYING ELEPHANTS"

by Bunny Fisher



■ There have been a lot of changes in my big brother, Eddie, since he and Debbie got married.

Like, well, he thinks different now . . .

And what's important to him is different, too.

Maybe the changes are more obvious to me than to most other people because I'm his younger brother, and because we've been apart so much of the time lately—I was in the army for a couple of years.

But anyway, like I was saying, Eddie's different . . .

I guess I first realized it—*really* knew it—one day when I drove over to their house for a visit. I could hear the banging and hammering way out in the street. It grew louder as I pulled into the driveway, and when I walked into the living room, I found out why the noise. Eddie was removing the wood paneling from the wall! Splinters were flying in all directions. Perspiration dripped down his forehead, and his t-shirt was torn.

"What on earth are you doing, Sonny?" I burst out. In the family we've always called Eddie *Sonny*.

"I'm relaxing," he grinned, "so I want to see what's behind the panels."

Just then, Debbie walked in with a tray of cokes and some sandwiches. "Hi, Bunny." And to Eddie, "If you want to make like a workman, eat like one. Here, help yourself . . ."

Eddie grabbed a coke.

I couldn't take it any longer. "Will someone please tell me what this is all about? Two weeks after you buy a new house, you hack it to pieces. What gives?"

Eddie looked up. "It's simple, Bunny," and I could hear that 'older brother' authority come through, "we don't have a place to put our television set, so I'm ripping apart the paneling to see if it'll fit behind it. See?"

I saw, but I still didn't believe it. Eddie had never enjoyed that kind of fun before—making things, doing things with his hands. In fact, in his woodwork class in high school, he spent three weeks making a coffee table for Mom. When he was through, the instructor took one look at it and burst out, "What's that?"

And now here he was rebuilding his house!

After he rested for ten seconds (*Continued on page 95*)





Joan Crawford

HE MAKES ME FEEL SO YOUNG!

■ Very little has been written about Joan Crawford and her husband of two years, Alfred Steele.

But there have been the rumors. The stories about discontent between the Steeles. The talk now and then about Joan getting mad at Al for this . . . Al blowing up at Joan for that.

So we did some checking on the rumors. Talked to Joan and Alfred and friends of Joan's and Alfred's. This is the story . . .

Joan Crawford sat alone at a table.

The date was 1957. The place was one of New York's fanciest restaurants—21.

The table at the far left corner from Joan's was occupied by two elderly ladies having lunch. Their consommé spoons plunked down when one of them recognized Joan.

"Doesn't she look marvelous?" the more impressed of the two said to her friend. "Just look at that figure!"

"That's a girdle," the less impressed friend said. "I hear she wears the most fantastic girdle someone out in Hollywood invented just for her."

If Joan had overheard that remark, she would no doubt have calmly and coolly told the woman: "I keep my weight at 122 to 126. I don't diet. I just don't over-eat. And I most definitely do wear a girdle—a normal one that anyone can buy—it's made by LILY OF FRANCE."

When the waiter came to Joan's table, she glanced quickly toward the door.

"But her skin," said the first lady, still staring, still impressed. "Just look at how clear and (Continued on page 85)



Joan Crawford and Alfred Steele—the man who gave her back that gee-it's-great-to-be-a-woman feeling. . . . These two are the youngest of their four children, twins Cindy and Cathy.

"Sal Mineo's falling in love"

NOTE FROM JOE SANDS, PHOTOGRAPHER, TO DAVID MYERS

"Spotted Sal the other night at his favorite hangout, Miceli's, with pretty Susan Kohner. Shot lots of pix. Here they are, with my notes. Convinced Sal's falling in love."

■ I took these pictures Sunday night when I unexpectedly ran into Sal and Susan in a popular pizza restaurant out here. Looks like love in bloom, huh?

But the real story began on the set that same afternoon and I saw it happen. Right on the set when Sal's lips brushed Susan's cheek. From there it lengthened to a flaring urgent kiss that lasted three minutes. The cameramen gasped, the electrician standing next to me kept wiping his brow and the guy directing the kiss shouted a few times, "O.K. Sal, you can stop now." But Sal couldn't stop. Absolutely incredible! I've seen dozens of screen kisses in rehearsal but this is it!!!

Spoke to Sal a few minutes later. His story is this—"I couldn't break it off. I just couldn't leave her."

Want to know what else he said?

"She sort of leaned over and kissed me on the cheek. Tenderly. I came closer and kissed her on the cheek. I kissed her again. Closer to the mouth. I showered her with kisses. On the face and neck, her eyes, her nose. We were in a different world; you just can't break away from something like that. I heard the director (*Continued on page* 69)





Sal's got Susan alone at last . . . at MICELI'S, *his favorite pizza place. They spent the whole afternoon kissing for the love scene in* Dino *and then attended a posh studio party at* ROMANOFF'S, *but they hadn't been alone yet! MICELI'S chef spotted his old friend Sal and winked his approval of Susan. After ordering, they raced to the juke-box to play, as Sal said, "our song—Dino." That movie has a special place in their hearts—it introduced them to one another.*

Sal and Susan kept forgetting the pizza to hold hands, look at one another and smile. The singing waiter, touched by their smiles and whispers to one another, sang his romantic heart out serenading them—first with "O Sole Mio," then with all the rest of the Lanza repertoire. With the romantic music and surroundings— MICELI'S *is a place of brick walls, old Spanish lanterns and balconies—Sal and Susan were enchanted. So was everyone else in the place. This could have gone on all night but tomorrow production on* Dino *would start. So Sal and Susan say good-by to everyone, Sal assuring one and all they'll be back again and again—together. A wave of pizza from the chef ends the evening. I'll end by saying it's definitely love!*





SISTERS SHOULD HELP EACH OTHER—

like Debra Paget and Lisa Gaye do

by JANE WILKIE

■ It is an accepted fact that sisters growing up in the same home clobber each other at regular intervals. One shining exception is Debra Paget and her sister Lisa Gaye.

As any fan of Debra's knows, the Paget homestead fills its twenty-six rooms with a collection of family. Before a few weddings took place, there were Mom and Pop, Teala, Debra, Lisa Gaye, brother Ruell and small sister Meg. The kids spatted like fury—all except Debra and Lisa. With a short year and a half between their birthdays, they grew up almost as twins—and until they reached their teens even dressed alike.

They liked the same things; they had the same things. Whenever one had a birthday, both girls had a cake and received presents. Always the same gifts. If one got a teddy bear or a book, so did the other. Which right away quick did away with any squabbling over each other's possessions.

But the real secret of their harmony was simply that they took the time to really know each other—and they liked what they found. For each, her sister was her best friend.

In the old days Debra was a tomboy—"The studio changed all that—they taught me about glamour"—and Lisa Gaye was the shy, retiring one. So Debra mothered her, tried to make her come out of her shell and become interested in such natural activities as climbing trees, walking fences, and fighting with boys. Debra was especially good at that last sport, and what's more she usually won. When she saw another kid picking on Lisa she lit in with both fists.

Lisa remained the timid one though. Debra never quite recovered from the fact that when Lisa was placed in the position of watching Debra being attacked, Lisa would hang back and let Debra fend for herself!

This difference was just about the only difference, however—Lisa's timidity. Like that time they shared ownership of a horse. Debra mounted him bareback one dark night.

"Be careful," said Lisa, "you can't see where you're going."

"Oh, you and your *be careful!*" snorted Debra. She finally wheedled Lisa into mounting the horse in front of her. Naturally the horse chose that moment to take off like a shot and run blind for ten minutes, Lisa screaming all the way while Debra hung on to both her sister and the reins.

And Lisa was afraid of the dark. The shared a bedroom equipped with bunk beds, and usually slept together in the lower bunk because Lisa was afraid of the dark. Which meant either a light on all night or her sister within touchin distance for protection.

There was also the case of Lisa's favorite doll, which (*Continued on page 92*





Modern Screen plays

Mrs. John Wayne

Dear Duke,

Now I know you won't believe this, but Aissa just said her first words!

Darling, I swear it's true. I was holding her in front of that big picture of you, and she looked at it and as clear as anything Aissa gurgled, "It's about time the Old Man came home, isn't it?"

There... I knew you would not believe me... But that's what we are waiting for, your daughter and I.

Love You,
Pilar





post office with Pilar and John Wayne





Zliten, Libya





Darling,

I believe you. After all, with your brains-- and my beauty of course -- I'm not at all surprised. But don't you think she should show a little more respect to her Old Man?

Not much news from here, except I found a real antique, the typewriter I'm using now.

Anyway, don't think for a minute that I'm not dying to get back to you, too. Just because I take a minute to pose in front of the Libya version of a pup tent, or catch a snooze, or tell one of the Arab extras that he even scared me in the last take.

Honey, you see that gun Sophia Loren's holding at my head? She said she's gonna shoot me if I don't stop talking about you!

Say 'Hello' to Aissa for me, and give her a big kiss from her daddy. And I wish I were there to give you a kiss from your husband. Which I will be just as soon as I can wrap it up on " Legend of the Lost"

Duke

ESTHER WILLIAMS:

Come spend Saturday morning





"Lunch doesn't take long, not with my hungry family! We eat in the Gages' screen house, built as a defense against the king-size California fly. In the background, by the way, you can see the over-size gym set the boys got one Christmas. I'll never forget Benjie's remark—'How'd Santa Claus get THAT *on his sleigh?!?'"*



"Family portrait—in the tree house! This is the boys' fortress against tigers, bears, Indians, Bad Guys—and most important, against little sisters. So Susie and I were evicted! Of course it was quite a shock to find out that the no-women ban extended to me too! Guess Susie and I are lucky we're allowed on the ladder! However! Susie's turn comes—a GIRL *can enjoy this keen train without a bossy brother to interfere. Kim is in disgrace. He's sitting on the Turn Bench, which is for when the children make a fuss over wanting something that one of the others is playing with. If they don't make a fuss, I make sure the privileges are equally shared. But now that Kim's on the Turn Bench he has to wait very quietly—until Susie has her complete and utter fill of the train—before he can ride it. Kim's worried that the sun will set before he gets his chance—and Susie just keeps riding 'round and 'round, finishing off a Saturday morning at our house . . ."*



end

"Mary was dead and everything inside m



eemed to have died, too"

HUGH O'BRIAN and the LOST LOVE that haunts him

by ED DeBLASIO

Hugh O'Brian took a deep breath as the car pulled up to the little funeral parlor. He knew that the others in the car were watching him out of the corners of their eyes, to see if he'd begin to break down, begin to cry. But he took a deep breath and clenched his fists and he had a hard time not shouting out, "There aren't going to be any tears or any breaking down, folks—because Mary isn't dead, Mary couldn't be dead, Mary couldn't really have died just like that and left me!"

The car stopped. "Hugh," his mother said, softly, as she took his arm. "Hugh . . . we're here."

The tall, eighteen-year-old boy didn't move. Instead he stared out the window to his right, at a highly-polished plaque on which somebody had carefully and coldly chipped out the words: *Undertaker—Day and Night Service.*

"Hugh," his mother said again.

The boy fought back the tears as he nodded, finally, and opened the door. The others remained in the car while they watched him walk very slowly to the door of the funeral parlor, open it, stand rigid for a few moments and then go inside.

Two girls were standing in the lobby, their eyes red, their hands clutching at their pocketbooks, as Hugh walked in. One of them came over to him. "I'm sorry," she said. "I'm sorry, honest."

Hugh looked at her. He tried to smile. He tried to say, "What are you sorry about? What's wrong with everybody, anyway?" But instead he took another deep breath and the heavy smell of carnations from another room, a room not too far away, nearly choked him and he walked past the girl without saying anything.

The next few steps were the longest he'd ever taken in his life. And then suddenly, without any warning, he was standing in the doorway leading to the big room with the carnations and the other flowers—and he saw her.

"Mary?" he called, as though by some miracle she might answer him. "Mary?" he called as he ran across the room and past the people who were seated silently in the neat rows of bridge chairs which fanned out from the back wall. "Mary?" he called as he grabbed the sides of the smooth white coffin and stared down at the girl he'd loved so much. "It's Hughie, Mary. . . ." he said, his voice breaking. "I got the telegram that you wanted to see me . . . and now I'm here, Mary . . . I'm here."

Finally, he cried. Mary *was* dead and, without shame, he stood there and looked down at the beautiful, almost-smiling face and cried, until someone came over to him, took his arm and led him over to a chair where he could sit and cry some more and take a long last look at his girl and remember . . .

"I remember," Hugh says now, "how I met Mary, that first day of school in Winnetka, Ill., when the teacher assigned us to seats and Mary's was at (*Continued on page* 92)

NANCY STREEBECK TELLS:

How I shot Tab Hunter



I'm Nancy Streebeck, and I'm Hollywood's most frantic fan.

I've shot quite a few stars in the last couple of years. Shot them in peculiar places, too—Jerry Lewis at the Hollywood Bowl, Cliff Robertson in a parking lot, Shirley Jones in an elevator. On a lonely street —that was Bob Horton; Perry Lopez got it near the pool.

Some of them were brave, some were mad. Some . . .

Well, here's what they said. Their famous last words, just as I started shooting . . .



I got Tab Hunter right in the middle of a parking lot near Sunset Boulevard. I grabbed my camera, but he was only a foot away before I could put the bulb in the flash gun.

"Tab, would you wait just one second until I get this darn thing set up?"

"I'm in an awful rush, honey, but okay."

This snapshot came out fine, and even though he was in a rush, I'm delighted. Because he called me *honey!*

This shot of Johnnie Ray was taken at TELEVISION CITY. A group of fans mounted a white tablecloth on the black wall of the artists' entrance to take colored photographs. When Johnnie came out they steered him over to their improvised photo gallery. He took one look and nearly collapsed with laughter.



"Hey, you kids have got this deal all set up. It's a fix! Okay, you crazy cats, start poppin' those flashbulbs!"

Just as he started to leave, Terry Moore and Steve Forrest appeared. Joked Johnnie, "They've got us hooked. Come





over here and take your turns."

"Take a close-up," Terry begged, "I don't want everyone to see the laundry I'm carrying."

It wasn't laundry at all. It was a costume for a TV show.



Cliff Robertson was waiting for his car when I got him at the STATLER HOTEL. Vera Miles and Gordon Scott had just come running up the steps hollering, "Hey, Cliff! Can you loan us seventy-five cents? We left our money at home and we can't get our Cadillac from the parking lot attendant!"

We all went into gales of laughter. Cliff teased them about living beyond their means, and gallantly handed them a crisp dollar. He was still smiling when I clicked the shutter.

I tried to get a photo of Vera and Gordon but they were in a rush to get their Caddy out of hock.

At the opening of the *Ice Follies* the first nighters watched the skaters through binoculars.

I used my binoculars, too—but I was casing the rows of customers for familiar movie faces. I aimed at bearded John Ericson.



Then I whirled around and noticed a mob around a lean, grinning fellow. I didn't recognize him, but I heard someone mumble something about him having a small role in *The Actress,* so I figured I'd knock him off too. He's done a lot since then. I'd know popular Tony Perkins anywhere.



and 14 other stars!



I took this shot at Perry Lopez in the San Fernando Valley. Perry was real brave. In fact, all the time I was shooting—I took two dozen different shots—he continuously begged me to help myself to more Cokes and sodas and barbecued snacks. He was a real doll.



I shot Jerry Lewis at the Hollywood Bowl. I was buying tickets at the box office for a charity show, see—when zingo—there was Jerry. I whipped out my camera, ready to shoot, and asked if he'd pose.

"Do you know how to work that thing?" Jerry asked.

"Certainly!" I snapped.

"How about the lens? What speed do you have it set for? Is the shutter cocked? What kind of film are you using? Here—let me take a look at it," he teased me.

And look at it he did. Photography is Jerry's favorite hobby, and after a trillion instructions, I tried my luck.

"Thanks a lot, Mr. Lewis," I said.

"Just call me Jerry. You're welcome, honey."

Such attention I got. And he called me *honey* too!



Shirley Jones was about the most surprised actress in town when I pulled out the flash just as she was entering an elevator.

Had no trouble with her at all. I think it was mostly out of shock from getting it in such a weird place.



This is the second attack I've made on Jeff Chandler. The first one was about seven years ago when he was Ira Grossel, radio actor. Although seven years had elapsed, Jeff grinned at me and asked, "Didn't you take a shot at me right here a few years ago?"



John Forsythe was a real good joe about getting it. He hopped up on a ledge and asked, "Want a happy pose or a sad pose?"

I liked the idea of a happy pose, and the shot came out so well that I asked him to autograph it when I saw him a few days later. Across it he wrote, *To Nancy, the Ace Photographer, from John 'Happy' Forsythe.*



One afternoon I spotted Bob Horton on a side street and asked if he would stop for a minute.

"I'm late for a date," he said, "but maybe you'd make a call for me and tell them I'll be a little late?"

I took three different shots, thanked him, and headed for the nearest telephone. A week later I sent him copies of the snaps, and he liked this one so much that he borrowed the negative to have prints made for himself.

Still another parking lot; Jack Palance wasn't too pleasant about getting stopped for this shot. Maybe he thought the iced champagne he was carrying would get warm.



The scene of this shooting was another parking lot. Diana Lynn was at the Farmers' Market digging through envelopes, cigarettes, ink, coin purses, scratch pads and pencils searching for her car keys. She gave a triumphant smile when she finally found them, and waved them at me in the air. That's the instant I chose to let my flash go off.

"Wow, that was a bright one," she laughed, "I'll have to drive home by radar!"





Peggy Lee and Dewey Martin:

THEIR LOVE STORY

■ One afternoon, back in 1945, a young Navy flier on leave in San Francisco paid seventy-five cents at the box-office and groped his way to a seat in the GOLDEN GATE THEATER. He had just been through a hell he didn't care to think about and he kept his medals out of sight. All he wanted was some beauty for a change, and a different, softer kind of feeling inside. Right away he got them both.

On the stage a girl was singing a love song like Lieutenant Dewey Martin had never heard one sung before. His heart zoomed like his fighter planes had so recently done from carrier decks in the South Pacific.

"I flipped—quietly," says Dewey (*Continued on page 77*)

Dewey and Peggy embraced, rubbing their two wedding bands together, whispering in unison, "Thank you, God"

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THE GINGHAM GIRLS. Sunlit three . . . neatly, sweetly shaped in the self-will of Lastex®. . . glowing in the look of cotton-fresh gingham woven in soft sandy colors. From the left: TOM BOY, smartly shorted swimsuit tabbed in bright white. 16.98 SOPHISTICATE, well-turned curve of a sheath. 15.98 TOP HAT, sliver-slim belted short. 13.98 Sold only at your neighborhood Sears Retail Stores, Catalog Sales Offices, or through Sears Mail Order Spring Catalog and Simpsons-Sears Limited retail stores in Canada.

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New Summer make-up the Hollywood way

■ There are several things other than making great movies that Hollywood knows more about than any city in the world—beautiful girls and exciting make-up!

Hollywood, always first with the new, has come up with an ultra-glamour summer make-up formula that has won instant star and guy approval—the pale pink feminine look, with accent on come hither eyes and tempting lips!

The good news about this bewitching make-up is that it is an easy-do.

Just select the right cosmetic preparations and add a dash of ingenuity to make sure that you put the correct emphasis on your eyes and lips! And be sure to match your fingertips.

Modern Screen chose lovely, natural Susan Strasberg to show you just how becoming (*Continued on page 72*)

Photo by Roger Prigent



INSTANT MAKE-UP

ow, an
u'll look just the way you want to look...in 12 seconds!

modern miracle! Now you can look very prettiest *instantly* – from the te you wake up every morning. And l do it in 12 seconds with Creme Puff* lax Factor . . . because it's *instant* -up . . . the most exciting news in ty since mirrors were invented.

just 12 seconds – you'll smooth on mplexion so fresh, so flawless, so iously natural-looking . . . your face be "dressed for inspection" before you can stir up a cup of instant coffee!

All you need is Creme Puff. In one velvety disc are sheerest powder, dewy base *and* delicate complexion tone . . . blended to apply all at once with a caress of the puff. Carry Creme Puff in your purse. Use it anytime – anywhere. Instantly – you can be the Face He'd Love to Face.

Refillable Ivory Compact, 1.25; or Golden-tone, 2.25; Refill in metal case with puff, 85¢. All prices plus tax.

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My skin coloring is (check one)

☐ fair (pink & white) ☐ natural (creamy) ☐ medium (ruddy) ☐ olive (golden)

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Sneak preview of new things for you



1



2

modern screen exclusives

Watch for these exciting new products that will soon be in your favorite stores.

1. Be the prettiest—even when your hair is set in curls! Lady Ellen clips now come in fashion colors! Bu several sets. Match them to your hair color, eyes, lips, clothes.

2. Coty introduces a new perfumed hair spray—in 4 famous frangrances L'Origan, L'Aimant, Paris, Emeraud It is packaged in a feminine pink aerosol bottle. Try this perfumed way to hair control.



3



4



5

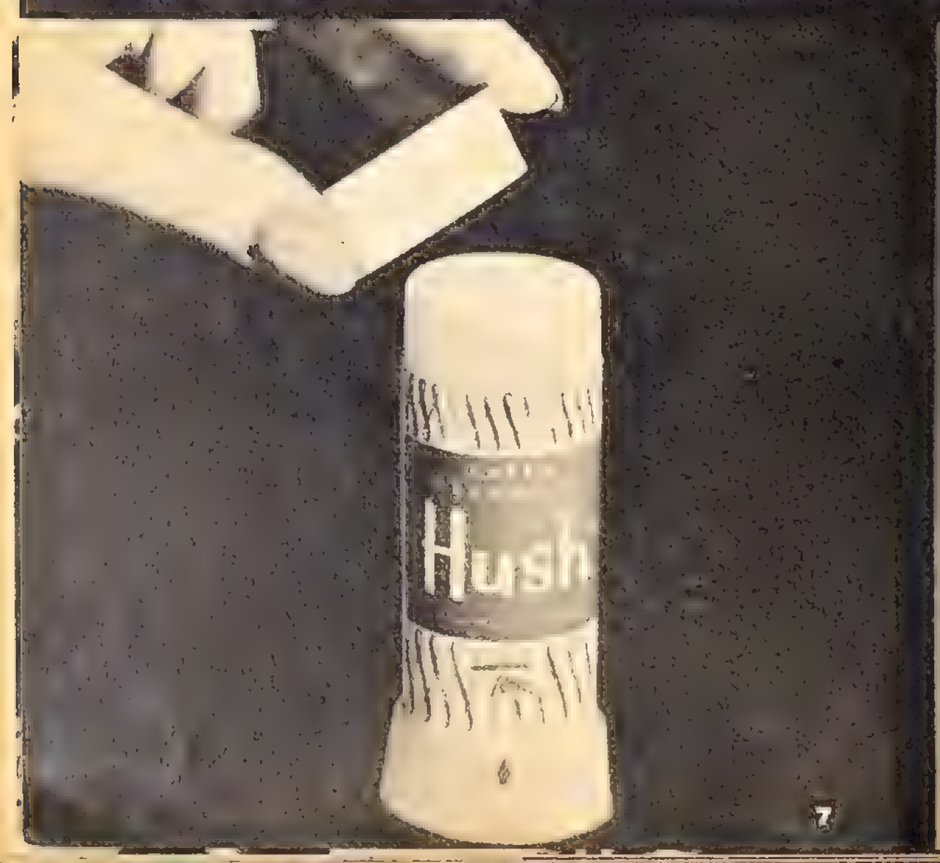
3. Slim Show-Case. DuBarry's new lipstick case—lovely as a jeweler's piece. In it—Lustre-Life new lipstick formula. Golden, black or white. Buy all, interchange the caps. $1.25 plus tax.

4. White Rain—the first crystal clear shampoo, like rain itself, in a crystal clear bottle. This product is a companion to the White Rain lotion shampoo you already know. Both by the Toni Company.

5. Theradan by Bristol-Myers is a new formula for dandruff control. Clear liquid, to be applied before shampooing. Helps to remove dandruff—prevent its return for a long period of time.



6



7



8

6. Chantilly Golden Touch perfume purser with ¼ oz. perfume—by Houbigant. Applicator is built in—just tip flacon, touch to your skin. S proof, convenient and economical. $3.75 plus tax.

7. New Hush Cream deodorant by in a plastic applicator case which measures out the cream, spreads it o and smoothes it in without touching fingers. 98¢ plus tax.

8. For daintiness during your mon period time—pretty rose embroidere nylon tricot sanitary brief with prot non-rubber, non-heating Softex pan and a patented Nobelt waistband. By Kleinert.

'sal mineo's falling in love!"

(*Continued from page 50*) say 'O.K. Sal, hat's enough' but I looked at her. She vas crying. So I kissed her again. Then ome more. Then I backed away. I real-zed what had happened. We had played he scene for *Dino* the way we felt it. We vere in a different world!"

So much for what Sal had to say.

Incidentally, Sal had never met Susan until that day when they both fell head over heels in love. And don't let anyone ever tell you there is no such thing. Anyway, I rushed over to Susan and got her side of the story. Susan told me that the picture was to start shooting on Monday and the first scene scheduled was the kissing scene. And they didn't even know each other. So, Sal told her later, he decided to call her Saturday night and suggest they meet first. But director Tommy Carr had a better idea. "Let's rehearse the scene tomorrow, since it's Sunday."

So they did, and fell in love.

I walk over to them, say good-by, wish them the best. They're such nice kids!

Later in the evening some friends suggest a pizza to end the day.

So off to MICELI's. Still with camera in hand, because it goes everywhere I do.

Not more than ten minutes after we arrive, in comes Sal and Susan—all dressed to kill. But anything goes in MICELI's.

The greetings are the most. Sal says the party they had just come from at ROMANOFF's was great but he wanted to show Susan his *favorite* place in Hollywood.

I sit with them for a while and feel like an intruder. This looks like a serious romance. Not only the hand-holding and sparkle in the eyes. But the interest in each other's conversation, laughing at the same jokes, talk of the future.

Sal says to me, when Susan sees a girlfriend at another table and goes over to say *hi*, "Joe, she's a sweet girl, relaxed and lots of fun. You know, when I kissed her this afternoon it was the first time she kissed anyone." Then he talks about maybe going steady.

In all the time I've known Sal, never did he mention the word *steady*.

He thinks going steady has its advantages. A guy finds a girl who understands his problems and vice versa. The two can talk to each other, tell each other their problems.

Going steady, says Sal, might be serious. Then again it might not, but you can learn a lot for the future from it.

Never did I hear Sal talk *future* either —not with *one* particular girl in mind.

All this talk leads me to believe . . .

Understand that Susan leaves for New York City to study acting at the NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE after *Dino* is finished. Kid's a good actress. Just for the records, her mom was once Mexico's leading star.

And Sal goes back home to New York.

Couldn't resist asking Sal if the spark in Hollywood would brighten in N. Y.

"You never can tell!" And he looks pretty enthusiastic as he says it.

I corner Susan while Sal's paying the check. All she says is "Sal's wonderful!" And she too looks pretty enthusiastic.

I believe romance *will* continue in N. Y. Suggest you get someone to follow it up there. Also suggest asking Sal's mom when you can send your photographer over to take pix of Susan as the Mineos' dinner guest. I'd put money on it that she'll be there quite often! **END**

Watch for Sal and Susan in the Allied Artist film Dino. *Sal's currently in Warners' release,* Giant, *and will soon be in Columbia's* The Young Don't Cry. *Susan's currently in U.A.'s* Trooper Hook.

...IN EXQUISITE FORM

Appealingly natural and naturally appealing in Free-form, newest of the Floating Action bras, with tangent straps that move as you move leaving the bra in place. Free-form has sunburst 2-section cups that fit *most* women *best*. Try its casual comfort and you'll always ask for Exquisite Form bras.

White cotton bandeau, A, B, C cups . . . style 172, **$2.50.**



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— COSTUME BY CLAIRE McCARDELL

At your Favorite Store, or Write to Dept. MS-6, Exquisite Form Brassiere, Inc., 159 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. In Canada: ask for the Tulip bra.



when you SWIM after him— be a tease in THESE...

All photos by Roger Prigent

1



1 Shirley Jones, Twentieth Century-Fox star, models a form enhancing slim sheath suit of Celaperm Dobbie weave Lastex, a Sea Star style by Kerrybrooke. Called Brite Future, this suit features a front skirt panel, smart fitted bra top. Blue or yellow. 34-40. About $14. Sea Star suits by Kerrybrooke are at all Sears, Roebuck stores. On the chair Kleinert's I Love You swim cap and the tube Tartan Suntan Cream guarded by Pomeranian puppy, Mr. Wonderful. The wrought iron chair by Gallo, New York, N. Y.

2 Julie Wilson, next in MGM's *This Could Be The Night*, poses in Nanina's Roman stripe Lastex suit that features a winged cuff bra and fake pockets. This suit also comes in black. Sizes 32-38. About $9. Julie's all-occasion jacket, called Gold Coast, by Northlander is made of poplin with a broadcloth print lining. Julie's wonderful waterproof beachbag and swim cap are from Kleinert's summer collection. Black butterfly chair by Yellen, New York. Julie was last seen in Columbia's *The Strange One*.

3 This Sea Star style, also worn by Shirley, is of wrinkle resistant Everglaze cotton satin. The matching jacket makes this swim suit costume more than practical for you can wear the chic jacket with many of your summer clothes. This suit comes in brown and gold combination print, or blue and aqua. 32-38. The suit is about $15—the matching jacket about $11. Also at all Sears, Roebuck stores. The fish shaped chaise (that we have stood on end so that you can better see it) is by Decorative Imports.

4 Another Nanina swim style headliner — also modeled by Julie Wilson. This suit is again a sensational value for it features the finest in fabrics, master workmanship and contains, like all Nanina suits, these features: Life-Guard band—to keep the suit top in place always; Adjusta-Bra—for lovely uplift; patented Santi-Crotch—to keep the suit and you ever dainty. Made of Nubby Bouclé Lastex with shirred front panel and cuff bra. White, black or turquoise. 32-38. About $9. Kleinert swim cap and shoes.





Washed with another leading shampoo!

Washed with "curl-keeping" NEW WOODBURY!

Unretouched photo of Lois Gunas, Red Bank, N. J. (See her pretty face below.)



GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE proved in its famous testing laboratory: New Woodbury Shampoo holds curl better, keeps set longer! Example shown above: The left side of Lois Gunas' hair, washed with her usual shampoo, got limp, straggly. Right side, washed with Woodbury, is springy, curly, beautifully manageable.



Leading shampoos were tested this way on hundreds of women. Results were checked by Good Housekeeping Magazine's laboratory. New Woodbury with its curl-keeping ingredient held waves best! Protects hair from drying out—leaves it shiny-clean, without dull soap film! Costs *less* than other brands — a generous bottle is only 39¢. If it isn't the finest you ever tried, we'll return your money! Fair enough?

WOODBURY HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER

new summer makeup

(*Continued from page 66*) the natural pale pink look can be!

The pale pink look starts, of course, with a pale pink foundation blended smoothly into your skin ready for pale pink powder selected in a shade a bit lighter than the foundation shade.

If you prefer to use a preparation that combines foundation and powder, choose it likewise in a pink color.

In order to get just the right pink you will have to study several of the pink shades and choose the one that will surely blend in with the blush cast of your own skin coloring. Don't just choose any pink shade. The salesgirl will help to guide you in selecting just the right shade for your particular skin.

Your lip make-up! Your lipstick must be pink or a red with a definite pink cast. Choose lipsticks in two or three colors and alternate them until you decide on the most glamorous color for you. Again, the salesgirl will be of great aid with your selections.

If you don't already own one, be sure to buy a lipstick brush. This is the professional way! With this brush outline your lips in the shape you desire them. Fill in the outline with your lipstick. This technique will take a little trial and error but it won't be long until you have mastered it. We think that the perfection of Susan's lipline is provocative, new and unusual—why don't you try it.

Now, notice the depth and beauty of Susan's eyes. They are an excellent illustration of dramatic eye definition.

Correct eye-make-up can be a bit tricky. It needs study and practice just as lipline make-up does.

The secret of alluring eyes is to accentuate them in such a manner that they surely become a most intriguing and vital feature of the face. This exciting, and yet subtle, effect can be accomplished with speedy, but correct, eye grooming and eye make-up. Hollywood feels that even the largest, dreamiest and most beautiful eyes can be made more glamorous with make-up.

Always be sure to keep your brows neatly and becomingly arched and don't overlook the wayward hairs around the brow line. These unpleasant stragglers must be plucked regularly with especially designed gentle tweezers.

It helps, too, to give your lashes a beguiling curl with an easy-to-do eyelash curler. Just hold your lashes in the curler for a few seconds. You will have up-curling lashes that will make your eyes look larger and even more appealing.

With the pale pink look you don't have to choose any one particular eye-make-up color. You can vary the colors to complement your summer clothes. Try two eye shadow shades on your lids. A color next to your lash line—shading half way up the lid, then brown on the upper lid—blended well into the brow line.

You will find the pale pink look enhances the beauty of all the clothes in your wardrobe from swimsuits to party clothes—even your shoes. Particularly if you wear pink which will be fashion's favorite color this summer season.

Try the pale pink look with accent on eyes and lips. You will have glamour, indeed! But, remember, with it you will have to flirt with the boys—instead of the sun!

Susan Strasberg's dress from her personal wardrobe is by Junior Sophisticates. See Susan next in RKO's Stage Struck *in which she co-stars with Henry Fonda, Joan Greenwood and Christopher Plummer, Canada's gift to United States movies.*

ry belafonte

tinued from page 37) Harry's book- for tours stretch out for years to come big RIVIERA HOTEL in Las Vegas re- y signed him for five years ahead. WALDORF ASTORIA in New York, the ANUT GROVE in Los Angeles and ER HOUSE in Chicago compete for his and talent. And everywhere it's n your life to squeeze inside to look listen.

st June Harry broke a thirty-nine- record at LEWISOHN STADIUM in New , packing 25,640 in a bowl designed 9,900. All around it those who couldn't n clustered on apartment house roof- and hung out windows, while loud- kers were turned out toward the ts to accommodate spillover crowds. 's harder to get through to you, y," his friend Mahalia Jackson, the us gospel singer, recently told him, n it is to get through to the Lord!" om all this Harry Belafonte is reaping lous rewards. He earned $150,000 for ast picture, *Island In The Sun*, gets the e for a TV spectacular. RCA guarantees $50,000 a year record royalties. Hotels him as much as $35,000 a week.

hat's back of this amazing Belafonte n? It's the *emotion* you feel when y Belafonte sings.

hether it's a rollicking calypso like tilda," a lonesome ballad like "Shen- oah," a sweating folk saga like "John ry" or a poignant love song such as ia," Harry sings songs to the people, s that tell of their sorrows and joys, pain and laughter—and straight out heir own folk history.

ify your existence

e's legitimate, as he swore he would And, although he has yet to have a e lesson and can read only a few notes nusic, Harry draws the respect due a ed and dedicated artist. "One of Ameri- most important," Cardinal Stritch of cago recently said of him, "and as a ro, the *most* important."

arry Belafonte will tell you, "I don't e a really good voice, but I do *perform* ong. And I feel it, too. *I believe in ry word I sing.*"

ome people might dispute the first ement, but few will the second. Be- se Harry has proved himself as sound udent of American folk music as there around. He's addressed classes on the ject at universities like NEW YORK U., IANA, PURDUE and NORTH CAROLINA, to ne only a few, although he never fin- ed high school himself. Last year the THOLIC COUNCIL awarded him the James Hoey Award for Interracial Justice.

That's what is important to him, be- se all of his life he has struggled to tify his existence. And for him, the y justification is a life of importance.

first villa—a tenement

Maybe because from the start the odds ve been against him, against the Negro oy boy born in New York's LYING-IN SPITAL thirty years ago last March 1. Because even in the racial hodgepodge Harlem, Harold George Belafonte, was different from everybody else. rry's father was from the French island Martinique and his mother, Melvine ve, from Jamaica. One grandmother d come from Haiti, another from Eng- nd and a grandfather from Marseilles. vo of them were white. Harry draws s last name from the French line—he onounces it Bale-ah-fawn-teh—and inks it was originally spelled Bellefon- ine. "I've always suspected there's a lla lying around somewhere in France r me," he grins today. "Someday, I'm

JANE RUSSELL and the comedian



■ There's a story about Jane Russell that a once-downhearted comic likes to tell. His name is Joey Adams, and first he'll bring out his Bible. It's pretty beat-up—tape around the binding, scratched, torn. He opens it up and reads the inscription on the fly-leaf:

Rom. 8:28
All things work together for good to those who love the Lord.
To Joey with love
Always
Old Jane

Jan. 17th '50, Boston.

Then Joey closes the Bible. He put the Book back on the shelf and sank into a chair.

"You know," he said, "there's quite a story about this Bible. Jane Russell gave it to me."

In 1950, Howard Hughes' *The Outlaw* was finally ready to be shown. There had been a lot of fuss about the picture and Hughes was cashing in. As often as possible he had Jane Russell, the celebrated star of the film, go along and appear in person wherever the movie was playing. She didn't particularly like the assignment of making personal appearance tours.

One of those jobs was at the RKO BOSTON. Hughes had a little show built around her and signed Joey Adams as master of ceremonies and featured comic on the bill. For Adams, who had seen better days in the top night clubs, it was a job he wasn't too happy with either.

So the two stars got together during rehearsals and compared unhappy notes on the old misery-loves-company formula. And as they talked, hour after hour, they came to be friends.

They confided in each other. Jane told Joey her troubles—and she'd had plenty. And Joey told Jane his troubles—and he'd had more. His career was at a low ebb; his personal life was unhappy. He had financial problems; he wasn't sure what he'd do after the four weeks at the RKO BOSTON.

Jane began to talk to him. She talked about God, about love, about religion, about faith. But she didn't preach. Joey had been raised in a religious atmosphere, but he'd sort of drifted away from it. All Jane did, in a light-hearted way, was remind him of his early teachings. Over and over again, she'd tell him that "Gratitude is riches, complaint is poverty."

"It was fun-kind of religion," Joey says. "Jane's religion is based pretty much on the *God Is Love* belief. She just talked, told me how much nicer it is to be decent and kind and thoughtful, how that is a reflection of God."

Gradually, over the four weeks, Joey changed. He had written the act and spiced it liberally with references to her busty figure. Sample: *I just bumped into Jane Russell; she was across the street at the time.*

"Jane never objected to those gags," Joey said. "Just like she never objected to cheesecake pictures. I asked her why she posed for them. She said, 'If God lets me do it, it must be all right with Him.' "

But Joey, one by one, dropped the gags from the act. The glamour girl and the comic were inseparable for those four weeks. She saw in him a challenge and she felt that God had sent Joey to her for help. She turned down the invitations to fancy receptions, unless he was invited too. She insisted that he get equal billing on the marquee. They talked between shows, after the shows, in the wings during the shows.

After the engagement was over, Jane gave him a present. It's customary in show business to exchange gifts after a date—a wristwatch, a cigarette lighter or something like that. Jane came to him and gave him the Bible—the Bible he still has, still reads daily.

The engagement the two of them had dreaded had turned out to be a blessing to both.

Jane felt it was a God-given opportunity to help a fellow human being.

Joey says he'll be eternally grateful to Jane for showing him the way to a God-like life.

If you ever happen to get to see Joey Adams' apartment, look around. Pasted on the desk, on the refrigerator, on his wife's vanity, you'll see little scraps of paper, carefully hand-written notes in Mrs. Joey Adams' feminine writing, echoing the words the glamour queen had drummed into Joey's ears:

Gratitude is riches, complaint is poverty.

Jane Russell will soon be seen in the two U.A. motion pictures The Fuzzy Pink Nightgown *and* The Big Play.

$100 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below. Then mail it right away, because each of the following readers will get $10—the one who sends us the 1st questionnaire we open; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; the 2000th; the 3000th. For example, if yours is the 1000th we open, what do you get? $10 of course!

For each of the stars listed below, place a check in the box under the one phrase which best describes how much you like him or her.

	I LIKE HIM OR HER:					
	More Than Almost Any Other Star	A Lot	Fairly Well	Very Little	Not At All	Don't Know Him Or Her Well Enough
Audrey Hepburn						
Rory Calhoun						
Natalie Wood						
Perry Como						
Ann Blyth						
Robert Wagner						
Carroll Baker						
William Holden						
Debbie Reynolds						
Harry Belafonte						
Jean Simmons						
Marlon Brando						
Esther Williams						
John Saxon						
Elizabeth Taylor						
George Nader						
Theresa Brewer						
Russ Tamblyn						
Janet Leigh						
Nick Adams						
Jane Powell						
Tony Perkins						
Marilyn Monroe						
Richard Egan						
Sal Mineo						
Debra Paget						
Pat Boone						
Doris Day						
Rock Hudson						
June Allyson						
Tony Curtis						
Pier Angeli						
Eddie Fisher						
Shirley Jones						
Elvis Presley						
Jane Russell						
Tab Hunter						
Kim Novak						

AGE..... NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

Here are the poll prize winners for March: Mrs. Frances Mattei, Galveston, Texas; Mrs. Leonard D. Houman, Jr., Pacific Palisades, Calif.; Mrs. Louise Schenk, Fresno, Calif.; Carol Dietz, Adams City, Colo.; Rose Walsh, Jersey City, N. J.; Shirley Farnce, Lemoyo, Mo.; Hazel Viereck, Houston, Texas; Juanita Motley, Chicago, Ill.; Arvella Armstrong, Englewood, Tenn.; Gloria Stancarone, Woodside, N. Y.

MAIL TO: READER POLL DEPARTMENT, MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

going to make a trip and go look for it.

But the first villa that little Harry Belafonte knew was a shabby tenement, dar and icy in winter and suffocating in sum mer. His father was a chesty, broad shouldered man who had fought with th British Navy in World War I and loved t spin exciting yarns about his adventure Most of the time he was off on cruises t the Caribbean or South America workin as a seaman or ship's cook. Each time h returned, Harry's round brown ey lighted up at the foreign trinkets his fathe brought—parrot feathers and monke paws and shiny shells from tropical sea along with tales of sunny islands far fro the gray walls of Harlem.

When he was a year and a half Harr sailed with his mother to Jamaica, visit relatives. He was brought back year later, back to America in the grip the Depression.

Skinny, often hungry, Harry Belafon lived the next five dismal years in th slums of New York. His father found fe boat berths, and when he did the pay w poor. Sometimes he cooked in grubl Manhattan restaurants. Harry's moth hired out as a domestic. Harry peddl papers on the corner when he was o enough. But often the Belafontes had go on relief and, young as he was, it w a blow to Harry's pride to stand by h mother's side in the bread lines and sense the tension and despair that settl over the tenement at Seventh Avenue a 140th Street.

A series of tragedies

One day, running with scissors in h hand, he slipped and pierced his right ey ball. He wasn't blinded, but his visi was impaired and the pain for a long tim was excruciating. Finally, he could pl again in the crowded, dangerous stree

One afternoon when he was seve Harry raced after a ball into the stre a car, jumping a red light, hit him. Th carried his crumpled, unconscious bo to the sidewalk; an ambulance wailed and rushed him to the emergency hospit They didn't expect him to live but finally came out of the deep concussio His left leg was broken and he hobbl around in a cast up to the hip for the ne eight months.

It was after that accident that Melvi Belafonte made up her mind. In the wi ter of 1935 she took Harry back down Jamaica. There at least he'd get fre air, sunshine and a safe place to play. a few months Melvine had to return New York to find work. But Harry stay there for five years. That five years infl enced his life forever.

In Jamaica, he lived with relatives families they knew, mostly on farms a plantations outside of Kingston. In t winters he boarded in British schools w names like Woolner's, Mico and Halfw Tree.

Usually he was lonely. Everywhere was a misfit.

In trouble all the time

For one thing, Harry was a city b thrown into a country existence. He lik Jamaica; he just didn't know how to there. "I got to be a real nature gaze he remembers. "Trees, birds, butterfli the sky, the sun and the sea were hypnotizing thrills to me. I used to ro around half-drunk with the things I sa I'd follow a bird in the woods until I lost, hang around the docks for hou watching the boats sail in and out. Ev in school I'd sit staring out the wind fascinated—until suddenly it was th o'clock. Then, having learned nothing. be in trouble. I was always in trouble.

It wasn't only lessons that got Harry jams at the British schools. It was beca

was different, a foreigner. It wasn't color of his skin that triggered the t. In Jamaica they didn't draw the d of color-line he'd already faced in own country. But Harry was an erican, usually the only American kid chool, and each place he went he had prove himself to his schoolmates who ed, acted and thought so differently. e wore knickers and black stockings le his Jamaican classmates wore shorts. y ridiculed his pants as *bloomers.* ry was already a Yankee baseball fan full of boasts about Babe Ruth and Gehrig. They played cricket down e and he made the awful mistake of ing it a sissy game. That meant a fight ad Harry got those, almost daily. ally he won, out of sheer desperation, ause fighting wasn't sport to him—he ays hated violence.

hen the battles would reach the head- ter and he was up for caning, twenty es with a whip of bamboo for almost offense.

he first awful time the master offered a choice. Or perhaps, not so awful, ause after that first caning Harry was epted. For his courage.

s of courage

Do you want the stretch—or will you e it standing up?" the headmaster asked . With *the stretch* upperclass boys l you above the ground, face down, r legs and arms spread-eagled, while master's cane flailed the seat of your ts. That way you could hide your , your tears—and your shame. Stand- up, you faced the music as the cane your bare palms.

'll take it standing up," said Harry. boys watched, waiting for him to h and cry. He didn't. After that they epted him.

Actually, Harry Belafonte welcomed these tests of courage. Then, as today, he felt it a challenge, and he had a pride and an eagerness in meeting the world around him on equal terms.

Besides, now he knows that the stern British schooling built up in him many disciplines and manners which he might have missed in Harlem. He has the mark of a gentleman, the first thing a stranger notices meeting Harry Belafonte.

But life in the Indies wasn't all school. In summers and on week ends he drank in the romance of the island. He decided he wanted to be a jockey when he grew up, and didn't know that Jamaica was seeping into his blood.

Horse racing became a consuming passion with Harry. At dawn before school and on Saturdays he'd cut out for the East race course outside of Kingston to watch the grooms, swipes and jocks at their chores. Some Saturdays he'd swipe donkeys from corrals for gully races. For a while he tried to stop eating and smoke cigars instead, secretly hoping to stunt his growth, and he'd duck under grown men's legs so he wouldn't grow tall. Today, he's six-foot-two. But then, Harry Belafonte was working towards a career—he was going to be a jockey—famous, wealthy, respected.

And all the while, unconsciously, the music, rhythm, drama of the Indies became a part of him. "Down there," recalls Harry, "music wasn't a sometime thing. It was part of the people and it was everywhere—in the streets, in the homes, on the farms, in the bush. I heard it, and I sopped it up."

He listened at country feasts and sings, paused in Kingston alleyways to catch chants which—although he didn't know it then—were recorded indelibly somewhere inside him to come out later. One time, with some other daring kids, he sneaked off up into the hills to spy, bug-eyed, from behind bushes at a forbidden voodoo ritual. At the climax, when the chickens were slashed open and blood gushed out, Harry turned green and was sick. But everything made an impression. Inside he was as sensitive as electronic tape.

Pressure in Harlem

When Harry was almost thirteen he went back to Harlem to join his family. Again Harry was a stranger. Now in his own home town—now he was a country boy in the city, again a foreigner who spoke with broad A's and a funny West Indian accent at times. At junior high they called him *Frenchie* Belafonte.

On the streets, kids his age ran in gangs. They carried home-made pistols, knives and knucks and held war councils. They pressured him to join. "Look, boy," they told him when he balked. "It's not whether you want to join a gang or not, it's just *which* gang!"

It wasn't that Harry was a coward. Physically, he was already tall, whip-muscled and quick. But the kind of fighting he was called on to handle now wasn't like the gentlemanly contests of his schoolyard challenges in Jamaica. There you licked the leader and you won your spurs and your self respect. On the city streets he could only lose; there was no achievement in sinister, brutal warfare. Harry was a Catholic, confirmed and a regular churchgoer. But that wasn't all of it either. He just wanted something better. So he sought escape.

Harry found some of it in sports. He became a whiz at center on the high school basketball team, so good that for a while he flirted with the idea of turning pro. He swam at the YMCA and worked out, anything to burn up his energy, and

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The Make-Up of Young Moderns

his time, to make him too busy and too pooped to show up on the streets. Then there was a girl.

A girl named Liz

Her name was Liz, and she lived in a nearby building. She was "soft, dainty—and smart. She used to come down every evening to walk her dog. I'd be there accidentally on purpose at the right hydrant," laughs Harry. But he knew she was interested because she lingered and talked to him, and he wasn't a sharpie or a lady killer. What they usually talked about were serious things—the future and what they wanted out of life. Sometimes Harry would tell her about Jamaica. Sometimes they'd have arguments about practically anything. "I think she liked me because she could tell I wasn't a toughie," says Harry. "Anyway, I fell hard."

Liz was "very annoyed" whenever Harry got in a street scrape. He was much sicker, himself. "I sensed a fight in all this," says Harry, "in which I didn't want to be caught. Something bigger than just fists flying. And it was. It was the tug between classes and races that I saw all around and I wanted no part of it."

Because Liz went there, he enrolled in George Washington High over in Washington Heights. He'd probably have done well enough except that—again—he didn't fit. Not anywhere. Most of the students were white, which was no problem to Harry—and yet in a sense it was. He liked them. And he liked his friends in Harlem, too. So he felt like a traitor to them both, and he didn't want to feel that way. "I wanted to seek some sense of balance and sanity for my life," is how Harry expresses the vague but nagging longing to be his own man, away from the pressure and the ever-present threat of trouble in his teens. But where and how?

In his junior year at high Harry Belafonte told his mother how he felt, quit school and volunteered for the Navy. He was seventeen.

A natural choice

The Navy was a natural choice for Harry Belafonte. His father was a sailor, and the sea had been a part of his West Indian boyhood. Navy opportunities seemed good for Negroes after new desegregation rulings. The physical handed Harry a scare in the eye test, because the right one was still weak from that scissors accident, but he secretly punched a hole in the card he held over the left eye and read the chart through that. He racked up a high I.Q. and they sent him to the famous Negro college Hampton Institute in Virginia for *Ship's Service School.* In fact the only discouraging thing about Harry's joining up was Liz' reaction. "She dropped me cold," he sighs. "I guess she figured a sailor was a lost cause." But somebody else made him forget about Liz almost at once.

He saw her minutes after the troop train jolted to a stop at Hampton Roads. With the rest of the dirty, dishevelled and dreary trainees Harry marched on to the campus of Hampton Institute. And there on the lawn, lovely in white frocks, was "a whole slew of beautiful co-eds" having a welcoming party for freshmen. To the bunch of girl-starved beat-up boots, including Apprentice Seaman Belafonte, the vision was devastating. Eyes bugged, ranks broke, and hoarse cries rang out. When the officer finally restored order and got them moving again he was purple with rage. Result—no privileges for one and all for an indefinite period. This was tragedy to Harry. Because from one brief glimpse of a beautiful girl he had fallen instantly, hopelessly in love. Her name was Marguerite Byrd; she was from Washington, D. C., and a junior majoring in teaching. Harry managed an introduction to her.

Progress was very slow. "She only tolerated me," allows Harry. "I was just part of Marguerite's war effort." Still, after knowing each other two weeks, he asked her to marry him. The answer was "No." Desperately he served up his strongest pitch: "Don't break my heart. I'm off to the South Pacific any day. I might get killed." "No," she repeated.

That was a low blow and suddenly they rained from all sides on Harry. Woozy from giving blood to a hemorrhaging mother in the local hospital, he drowsed on guard duty one night, got court-martialed.

Out in the nick of time for a date with Marguerite, he raced over, only to discover she was out with somebody else. That did it. Harry headed for town and the first bar. He'd never drunk whisky in his life. In a few minutes he was loaded, and shouting about the injustice of it all to everyone who'd listen. When an ensign told him to shut up and get back to the base, Harry pushed him. That really did it—*striking an officer.* This time it was the brig. They let him out just in time to graduate. He volunteered pronto for overseas duty.

The end of Marguerite?

He got a few letters from Marguerite before they stopped—or got lost. "That's that," he thought. But Marguerite was yet to play her big role in Harry Belafonte's life. At Shoemaker Base an ammo ship exploded in the harbor. It blew Harry right into the hospital and out of the Navy with a medical discharge.

Mike Todd's "Around the World" features 1,500 actors and 24 animals. When his cameramen were shooting a final scene off Catalina Island, Todd was entranced by a school of killer whales which suddenly appeared at sunset. Todd studied the whales at play, then turned to an assistant director and said: "Have them back here at ten tomorrow morning so that we can use them in a shot."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

He'd served eighteen months. He was nineteen years old. And no questions had been answered for Harry Belafonte; he still did not know what to do with his life.

It was a puzzler. He had no real education and no trade. He knew almost no one. His friends at high had all graduated and scattered, and so had the street Apaches—a couple were in jail. His parents, long separated, were divorced and his mother had remarried, this time a building maintenance man. Harry bunked at home and his stepfather gave him a helper's job. But he was restless, lost.

One night a friend gave him a ticket to a play staged by the American Negro Theatre and, with nothing to do, he moseyed over. *Home Is the Hunter* was the first play Harry Belafonte had ever seen, and, he thinks, probably the worst. But his friend took him backstage afterwards, and he stayed until three o'clock in the morning helping strike the sets. Something about the theater was strangely exciting. After work, for the next few months, he hung around there nights attaching himself to the gang. "The first right gang I ever belonged to," says Harry.

The next play was Sean O'Casey's *Juno And The Paycock.* Harry was reading over the script to see how he could help hammer together some sets on a nickel-and-dime budget. "I guess the poetry and strength of that play leaked out at me confesses Harry. "Anyway, there I w half surprised at myself, trying out for o of the big parts—and I got it, too. Su denly I was gone. And happy to be go The bug had bit me." Just as sudden his course was as clear as day. He h the GI Bill, didn't he?

Harry Belafonte thought he knew ju where to go to learn right, from wh he'd heard around the group. The Dr matic Workshop met GI Bill standar and you could cram a four-year cou into two. He signed up, the same day another curly haired fugitive from juv nile delinquency named Bernie Schwa did. People call him Tony Curtis now. boy nobody knew much about then w already enrolled, under his right nam Marlon Brando.

They all worked like beavers—usua from nine in the morning until ten night—and often until one o'clock t next morning. They studied the classic Ibsen, Gorky, Shaw, Shakespeare, work out in class plays, fenced, danced, design sets. Harry loved it. "I revved up motor," is the way he expresses it. "A it hasn't slowed down since."

Harry still lived at home. He had The GI bill didn't cover all his expens But there was constant tension. All relatives were plain, hard working peop Education—his parents were all for th *But,* argued his mother, *go after som thing that will make you a living. Do fritter away your youth on a wild-goo chase. You're a Negro. Negroes have work for a living, not play.*

Sometimes, in moments of depressi and haunting fear of failure, Harry thou his mother was right. After all, where w the opportunity in acting—for a Negr Hardly in Hollywood, TV or on Broadw

The *most* to hope for was an occasio bit. In these lowspots, Harry miseral told himself, "Anyone like me choosing do what I'm doing must be out of mind!" But there was nothing else n that he wanted.

Never suspected he had a voice

Harry hit the pavements hunting a jo an acting job. Nothing. Wherever went—agents, TV, radio, movie studi Broadway—nothing. "I got so I star out the door before they could shake th heads," remembers Harry.

He had to leave home. His family's d approval battered him so unbearably t finally he left and moved into a flat Bleecker Street down in the Village. W three other Workshop grads. His share the rent was only $9.50 a month, and m of the time it was hard to even get t much together. That summer he could even get a job in a stock company for board—no pay, just work for his fo And he couldn't even get that.

Half the time he was hungry, but t wasn't nearly as bad as the hours he on his narrow bed—because there was place for him to go, no work to do—lo ing at the stained, peeling walls and try to figure out how it would feel to live whole life on the wrong side of pove With no place for him to go . . . and work for him to fill his soul with.

But at that time, Harry Belafonte never yet sung a note outside his o bathroom, never suspected he had a vo and never dreamed of trying it out.

Then something forced him to.

Suddenly Harry had a desperate need money. A lot of money. And his desperat gave him the courage to walk into a jungle. Read Part II of Harry Belafonte's st in the July issue of MODERN SCREEN, on s June 6.

Harry Belafonte's currently in 2 Century-Fox's Island In the Sun.

heir love story

(Continued from page 64) Martin today. The girl, who was Peggy Lee, didn't now he existed. How could she? Her orld and that of the lonesome sailor in he audience were as far apart as the oles. Peggy was already a great singing ar, who made a steady $200,000 a year. xcept for one year when she made 500,000. Lieutenant Martin was only one f several thousand rank-risen mustangs, iling off a war with no visible peace-me prospects ahead, least of all in show usiness. Besides, Peggy Lee was already arried, although Dewey Martin didn't now that.

All this made his sudden crush strictly or moon dreams—or so you'd say.

Yet, for the next ten years that love ong never quite faded for Dewey Martin. nd ten years is a long time. It brought lot of changes in the lives of both Dewey Iartin and Peggy Lee.

Peggy stayed on the merry-go-round of lamour and success, stayed right at the op. She sang. She penned lyrics for hit novies like *The Lady And The Tramp.* he acted in *Pete Kelly's Blues* and won n *Academy* nomination.

But happiness? Her first marriage with Dave Barbour broke under the strain, and hen her second with Brad Dexter. Peri-dically her health broke too, but being he kind of girl she was, she couldn't stop, ain control of her private existence or er galloping career. Everybody grew to ove Peggy except the one special guy who ould bring peace, security and sense to er life. Somehow, she never met him.

As for Dewey Martin, most of those

Joe Pasternak told us he wrote to Tel Aviv asking them to line up some acting talent for *Ten Thousand Bedrooms*—preferably young, beautiful girls from 18 to 20. He got a reply: "All the girls from 18 to 20 here are in the army."

Mike Connolly in The Hollywood Reporter

ears he was scouting busily for breaks. For a long time there weren't any. For a while he traded with the Indians in the Navajo-Hopi country of Arizona; then worked around Phoenix, sometimes driving a truck. On a sudden wild inspiration he boarded a bus to Ogunquit, Maine, to learn acting in summer stock. And Dewey did, quickly and well. So he went down to New York to crack Broadway, but wound up running an elevator instead. He tried Hollywood next hoping for a job in pictures, but the only one he got was ushering at CBS radio studios. There he used to stand backstage in his monkey suit and open the door for the star of one show, mumbling politely, "Good evening, Miss Lee." But that was all. He'd never in the world have dared tell Peggy Lee then about that song she sang 'way back in San Francisco, or how it stuck in his heart. Dewey's struggle had made him too proud, too independent, too self-sufficient and too hard-boiled—or so he thought.

But sometimes, when he collected a couple of extra bucks, Dewey would leave his cheap Hollywood room and walk to Ciro's, on the Sunset Strip, where Peggy Lee liked to sing. He'd stand at the bar, because he couldn't afford a table, and nurse one drink until the bartender got nasty, hoping for a glimpse across the crowded room of the beautiful girl with the husky-sweet voice. She still didn't know him from Adam of course, but that was okay. It was one enchanted evening for Dewey.

Then the big break came at last for



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Dewey Martin. It came in *Knock On Any Door*, and he parlayed it into a bigger one as *Boone* in *The Big Sky*. He had his ups and downs after that, but he played it. He won a contract at MGM, made eight pictures in four years, and heard people call him *star*. But success rang hollow, because there was no one to share it. He met a pretty redheaded model named Mardie Havelhurst and impulsively married her. Mardie was a swell girl but she didn't sympathize with Dewey's ambitions or like anything about show business or Hollywood. They had a son, but never a real home. Dewey wanted a home. He hadn't had one since his father died when Dewey was a kid in Texas. After that ended, Dewey snapped at the chance to make a picture in Rome. He stayed abroad, travelling in Europe, living for a while in Spain, deliberately staying away from the place that hadn't brought him the happiness he had thought it would.

Agent to producer: "I have a great talent right outside your door—sings like Lanza, acts like Guinness, built like Lancaster!" Producer: "Great! Bring him in!" Agent: "There's just one catch. It's a girl."

Mike Connolly in The Hollywood Reporter

But you can't run away from yourself. So he came back to Hollywood. By then he knew a hundred people who could introduce him to Peggy Lee. He didn't let them. He didn't dare risk destroying the one good dream he had left.

But the loneliness grew and the emptiness deepened behind the tough shell that Dewey Martin had built around himself all his life.

Peggy felt different

One evening, almost two years ago, Dewey was hanging around with his friend, orchestra man Dick Stabile. Dick knew Dewey's whole story. He also knows a blue mood when he sees one.

"Dewey," he said, "why don't you let me introduce you to Peggy Lee?"

And Dewey found himself saying, "Okay—when?"

"What's wrong with right now?" Nothing was wrong. CIRO'S was right up the line and Peggy Lee was singing there.

They rapped on her dressing room door and went inside. "Peggy," began Dick, "this is Dewey Martin and—"

Dewey himself blurted out the rest—"I've been in love with you for ten long years!"

"Please sit down," invited Peggy Lee. She offered a drink. She could use a small one herself. Things like that don't happen every night, at CIRO'S or anywhere.

Peggy thought this impulsive man certainly must mean he was in love with her songs, another way of saying, "I'm a fan." Lots of people have told Peggy Lee that. Yet, somehow—funny—this time she was not sure. Coming from him it sounded different; she felt different.

As Dewey remembers, his hair was bleached and clipped for a picture. As self-conscious as a school kid, he popped out, for no reason at all, "My hair isn't always like this. It's for a job—you know."

"I know," said Peggy. And maybe that's when she knew that what he was in love with wasn't just her voice. Anyway, when he asked her to have dinner some night she said, "That would be nice. Will you call me?" She gave him her telephone number.

When Dewey got up enough nerve to call a few days later, Peggy Lee was in spattered dungarees working at her favorite hobby—fixing over her house.

"Can you call back?" she begged. "I'm redecorating, and knee deep in painters."

Dewey said, "Sure." But he didn't call back. *Maybe it was the bleached hair,* he thought. Maybe he shouldn't have busted out with the truth like he did. Or maybe she just wasn't interested. That old pride, that old independence returned. A few days later he got a note: *Whatever happened to you?* it read. *Peggy Lee.*

Dewey reached for the phone.

Pretty soon, across a table for two at a quiet Hollywood restaurant, Dewey Martin was telling Peggy all about himself, including that certain afternoon in the GOLDEN GATE at San Francisco. But one evening wasn't long enough for all the things Dewey had stored up to say. He made another date and another. After three months both Peggy and Dewey stopped seeing anyone else.

The romance puzzled a lot of people who thought they knew them both. Peggy Lee and Dewey Martin? That one-man Declaration of Independence and the girl who barely had time to say hello to herself? But they didn't know what Peggy and Dewey soon did. "I knew I needed Peggy," says Dewey, "and I think she knew she needed me."

Still they didn't discuss what was on their minds until one night in New York. Dewey was there for a live TV show and Peggy arrived later for a Perry Como guest spot. When she flew in they both realized how empty those few days apart had been for them both.

Another separation

What made them certain was another separation. Dewey flew to Kanab, Utah, to make a TV pilot film. Peggy went off on engagements—to Minneapolis, Detroit, Chicago. Everywhere and every night there was a long-distance call from Utah. Dewey proposed over one, got his *Yes* over another. They made marriage plans, back and forth, over the rest. The next to last came on a Friday, a year ago last April. They arranged to meet the next morning in Hollywood and drive to Palm Springs for the wedding. Dewey chartered a plane with a pilot, but a storm blew up. Next morning he was grounded and sweating it out. He made one more call. "Don't worry, Honey," he told her. "If this guy won't fly me, I'll fly myself!"

That's what he finally did, borrowing a little Cessna and buzzing it up through the clouds. The Los Angeles airport was so fogged in he couldn't find it. But he got down at last in Burbank and there, praying him in, was Peggy. They just had time to race to a Beverly Hills jewelry store, choose double rings, and make the license bureau five minutes before it closed. Then they drove to the Springs. On the evening of April 28, 1956 Peggy Lee became Mrs. Dewey Martin at last.

Peggy and Dewey Martin made themselves a promise that night in their desert wedding suite. They'd never be separated for long, no matter how two careers tugged. It's one they've kept.

Togetherness is their marriage theme.

"Peggy loves to sing and she probably always will," admits Dewey. "It's part of her life. My musical talent is confined to playing a phonograph. So I keep out of her hair that way. But she knows she doesn't have to work another day if she doesn't want to."

Home is where their hearts live

The first thing Dewey did after marrying Peggy was to buy her house from her. Why? That's just the kind of independent cuss he is. Around that house you can notice some changes by now. For one, the garage has turned into a professional recording room, so Peggy can work right at home on the songs she writes and sings for picture scores. Dewey built it with the help of one carpenter. Peggy and Dewey painted and decorated it themselves, spending two weeks alone filing away Peg's vast record collection in special built-in cabinets. Warmed up with that, they repainted the rest of the house inside, even the bathroom and kitchen.

It isn't work when they're working together. It's fun.

Some week ends the Martins take trips that Peggy never seemed to have time for before. Down to the San Diego zoo, up to Carmel just for the scenery, across the border to Tijuana for Dewey's favorite *afficionado* sport, the bull fights. His friend Carlos Arruza, the famous matador, even dedicated a bull to Peggy, although she had to turn her eyes away as he fought it. Dewey hasn't got Peggy on skis yet, although he's trying. But she took him to Disneyland—and they stayed seven hours. For the *Mister Toad* ride Dewey stood on line with 400 wiggling kids and their parents. "I never thought I'd ever stand on line for anything," he grins, "but there I was—and liking it." This year they're planning to drive clear to Pastaja, near Mexico City, to a ranch Dewey knows about, for a real honeymoon. But home is where their hearts really live.

That home is no longer what Peggy used to call, somewhat ruefully, "Grand Central Station." Any popular singer's house is likely to be just that if she's not careful. Dewey spotted the host of people buzzing Peggy's doorbell constantly with something or other on their minds. She could never say "No."

"All that's changed," he says quietly. "Our home is for us, our family and our friends."

Getting even at Christmas

Last December, on Dewey's birthday, he was called to the door for a telegram. The telegram turned out to be thirty of his best friends secretly invited for a surprise party. Peggy cooked a lasagne dinner, and when the guests left Dewey kissed his wife. "I'll get even with you," he promised.

Christmas Eve he did. Forty of Peggy's friends showed up the same sudden way. Under the tree Dewey had smuggled a big red-ribboned box. After that he ducked around the house mysteriously. At cocktails Dewey announced, "Let's play a new game. This one's called, *Don't Trust Your Husband.*" He handed Peggy a note. *See what Mister Bach has to say,* it read. She went to her favorite classical album and there was another note. It sent her to her favorite statue of St. Francis. Well, Peggy collected messages for the next forty-five minutes all over the place—in the mail box, in her car, off her tape recorder, in library books—one was even frozen in an ice cube. The whole party followed her around. The last paper told about the box under the tree—and in it was a little poem by Dewey telling how much he loved her. Peggy cried. She couldn't help it.

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A few nights ago, almost at dawn, ewey and Peggy Martin walked out to eir patio on a mountain ridge back of everly Hills. They wore formal clothes ecause they had been to a party. They'd ayed late and should have been tired. ut they weren't—they were flying. They ood beside the pool, silvered with moon-ght, and for silent minutes looked at the asket of jewels far below that was the ty's lights.

anking God . . .

Dewey put his arms around the hazel-ed, platinum-haired woman who is now s wife and they embraced without words. hen they rubbed their two wedding ands together and whispered in unison, Thank you, God."

It's an earnest prayer they have voiced good many times since they finally found ch other, recognized love, and married. still seems like a miracle to them both. nd maybe it is.

For through the web that fate spun for ch of them for ten years, Peggy Lee and ewey Martin have at last discovered in ch other the one special person filling e special emptiness in their once-in-mplete lives—

No wonder they both thank God for a ng, sung long ago but never forgotten. END

Dewey Martin is currently in MGM's en Thousand Bedrooms.

hen kim was 13

(*Continued from page 42*) more than just playmate was during dancing classes we ad in eighth grade.

"I saw one boy at the opposite end of e line, and now, for no reason at all—ell almost no reason at all—I wanted to ance with *him* and no other boy in the om. His name was Russ. He had dark lack hair, fiery expressive eyes and there as an air about him that just seemed to e to be everything that was masculine.

"I didn't get to dance with him that day -there was some kind of rotation system. he bell rang and the session was over. ut the next time, happily, we picked up xactly where we left off, and before that lass was over I danced with Russ.

"It may sound sentimental, but it really as one of the most beautiful moments my whole life . . . when we finally put ur arms around each other and began to ance. But then something awful hap-ened. Although I had always felt a uoyancy and a wonderful sense of free-om doing folk dances with my father, I iscovered to my horror that with Russ was just terrible. I moved like a wooden ndian, and kept getting worse!

"The next dancing class the teacher aught us square dancing—*wonderful,* I hought, *here I'll shine.* She also intro-luced a new system of pairing a boy with girl. The boys drew a girl's name on a iece of paper from a box. Well, I watched Russ' expression as he looked at the name e drew. And when I saw the disappoint-nent on his face, I said to myself, 'Oh, hat's too bad; he didn't draw my name.' felt wonderful, because his look of dis-ppointment showed me that he really wanted to dance with me.

Hurt for a while

"But then I noticed another boy, his ame was Ira, going from boy to boy omparing the name on his slip with the nes they had. When Ira came to Russ hey both looked at me. Then they dis-ppeared.



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"When they came back Ira came up to me and said, 'You're my partner.'"

"Only then did I realize that Russ *had* drawn my name! That was why he looked unhappy. And he had traded me for Ira's partner . . .

"I don't suppose anyone can imagine how hurt I was, even when Ira told me he had shelled over nineteen cents to Russ to get me.

"But the funny thing is that as soon as I began to dance with Ira I found that my suffering miraculously stopped, and for no reason that I could understand I just relaxed and *enjoyed* myself."

Which is a part of Kim's nature that was to be extremely valuable to her in later years, when she was a struggling young model-actress in Hollywood. What she did was simply refuse to allow her feelings of disappointment to continue. Once she realizes that something is inevitable, she accepts her lot and makes the best of it. She is that way today.

"I was much too young to be affected so seriously by Russ' lack of attention, but at the time it seemed as though my whole life would be empty without him.

Overheard at an Arthur Miller play: when it was over the audience shouted, "Author's wife! Author's wife!"

Earl Wilson
in the New York Post

I spent hours sitting in my room looking out the window. I day-dreamed a thousand scenes of dates with handsome men and boys who couldn't hide how fantastically beautiful they thought I was—and we'd always run into Russ someplace, who would then—too late—realize what he had lost and how clever and smart and beautiful I was!

The bean-pole days

"One morning something else happened," Kim recalls. "One of my girl friends said 'Why are you wearing your dresses so short?' I knew my mother hadn't shortened the dress. I asked my grandmother, who made all my clothes, if she had. Grandma looked at me and then a gleam of understanding came to her eyes. She said, 'Girl, your dresses aren't getting shorter. *You're* getting longer.'"

Kim began to lengthen like a bean sprout. And a year later she was taller than most of the boys and a head higher than any of the girls.

Kim laughed as she recalled "my bean-pole days." But it was a serious matter to her then. Boys she liked shied from her, reluctant to be seen near tall-girl Kim—it made them feel so much shorter. And Kim, who yearned as much for a boy friend as any girl, often found herself relegated to the Siberia of the last row in classes, lines and school functions.

Kim was different enough as it was. She was a blonde in a neighborhood where other girls had hair of chestnut brown or black. She wore pig-tails or braids wound in a bun. The others didn't. All her clothes were hand-made by her grandmother. She was thin. The others were plump. To make her growing desperation even worse, she felt that her height made it that much easier for everyone to notice everything else that bothered her.

Kim's mom takes over

"My mother and grandma helped me through that phase," Kim said. "Mom knew I was unhappy, and very carefully explained that someday I'd be happy about my height.

"But I just didn't believe her. I felt—and I know there was no rhyme or reason to it—that the others were waiting to laugh at me, to make me miserable. My sister did everything she could to help me, too. But the more that people tried to explain that I was foolish for feeling the way I did, the more I felt that way and the more certain I was that they were just feeling sorry for me."

But Kim's mom was as stubborn as Kim.

One day Mrs. Novak told Kim she was taking her to downtown Chicago. Kim wanted to know exactly where. But Mom wouldn't tell.

A half hour later they were on the tenth floor of FAIR'S DEPARTMENT STORE. As they got off the elevator they saw a gaily colored sign which read *Fair-Teen Club*. It was a popular club for teenage boys and girls.

As her mother led her to the entrance of the club, Kim drew back.

"'I don't want to be laughed at,' I told Mom. But she insisted. I don't know how much longer I would have stayed miserable if I hadn't let her talk me into it. Anyway, we walked into the club room and the director, Mrs. Norma Kasell, greeted us and then took a long look at me.

Well, here it comes, I said to myself, *she can see I'm too tall, awkward, gawky, ungainly. She sees that there's everything wrong with me that could be wrong with a girl of thirteen.*

"We need you, Kim"

"Then Mrs. Kasell said, 'How *wonderful* that we have a tall girl at last! You have no idea how much we need you. And you're pretty enough to model.'

"I think my heart stopped beating. This wonderful woman said she *needed* me. Me, Marilyn Ann Novak. To have this happen was like being born again, I thought. Like shedding an unhappy memory as I would an old coat.

"There aren't words to describe how happy I was."

Mrs. Kasell took Kim to the dance floor. There, hundreds of teenagers were having the time of their lives jiving to a juke-box. Kim hadn't been in the room two minutes before a bashful boy asked her to dance. He didn't care at all that she was taller than he. Kim doesn't remember his name, but at that moment he was every hero in every book she'd ever read—come to life.

"Later when I came home," Kim tells you, "Mom sat me down and asked, 'Did you have fun?' And the only answer I could give her was to put my arms around her and cry because I was so happy."

But it was still difficult for Kim. Even with the help of her family and Mrs. Kasell, she had to keep reminding herself all the time that she wasn't an outcast, a misfit—unwanted and unattractive.

Like her height. As Mrs. Kasell put it, "What you have to do now, Marilyn, is remember—all the time, whenever you think about it—that what you once thought was your worst feature is really your best."

Kim tried. She stopped walking with her head lowered, her shoulders slouched, awkwardly crooking her knees—all of the silly little habits she had acquired in trying to shorten herself.

"And," Kim remembers, "I tried to change my *attitude* toward things, towards boys, school and making girl friends. I had become someone who refused to face problems, I'd just stay in my room, looking out the window, finding fault with a world I thought was against me.

"So I tried hard to change, especially on my Saturdays at the *Fair-Teen Club*. And one day, though I was only thirteen, Mrs. Kasell asked me to help a group of new girls learn about modeling clothes.

"It was strange, but the moment I stepped on the little stage we had for rehearsals I felt calm and sure of myself. The other girls suffered terribly from stage-fright. I never did. And in teaching them, I taught myself to forget about *me*. And that's the first thing I had to learn—to get over feeling I was such a misfit.

"I know now that in real life I had a terrible inferiority complex.

"The weeks went by and little by little I found myself thinking that if Mrs. Kasell needed me I couldn't be such a nothing after all. And if I wanted to become more a part of school activities and wanted to make friends—then I could do it!

"But how to go about it?"

It started in the least likely place she could imagine. In the noisy, swarming crowd of Christmas shoppers in one of Chicago's largest department stores.

Boys hold an important place

"I was trying to find a gift for my parents and my sister," Kim tells. "As I was going up on the escalator, I saw a boy on the down escalator who was considered the handsomest male in our class. And he smiled at me! As we passed each other I jokingly put out my hand. He put out his, and when our fingertips touched it was as though a bolt of lightning had gone through me."

Kim isn't sure, but something must have happened to Roy too when their fingers touched. Because from the next day on he was a very attentive young swain.

"I wonder," said Kim, "if boys know what big, important places they have in young girls' hearts at the age of thirteen. To me Roy was the most important human being in the whole world.

"My girl friend's crush was a fellow

Her Serene Highness (Grace Kelly) may be one of the world's best-dressed women but she's a purse-stuffer, and a sloppy one at that. Her bags bulge with everything from chewing gum and scraps of tissue paper to lapsed insurance policies. How do we know? A friend of ours once peeked.

Mike Connolly in
The Hollywood Reporter

---

named Joe, who was a pal of Roy's, and although it wasn't very lady-like, we used to take walks and suddenly find ourselves passing their homes. We even got bold enough to stand in front of their house and sing a song we composed:

We'll always be true,
We'll never be blue,
We're loyal to you—Roy and Joe.

A shock to Grandpa

It didn't really matter too much, Kim explains, that one night her little paradise ended, abruptly and completely.

She and Roy were sitting on the steps of her home. Roy, obeying an uncontrollable urge pecked her on the cheek with what he probably thought was sophistication.

Kim's grandfather, who was looking out the window, immediately assumed that Roy was an instrument of the devil. He chased poor Roy for two blocks, came back and scolded Kim for an hour. The customs of America were a shock to Grandpa and in his eyes Kim was practically a fallen woman at the age of thirteen.

"I never saw Roy again," Kim says, "because his family moved out of Chicago a few days later, which was the reason he kissed me. But as I said, it didn't really matter. Oh, I missed him all right. But the important thing is that his liking me—and his being considered such a catch

he other girls!—was enough to show me hat I couldn't be absolutely ugly. At east—I was almost convinced."

"Then I learned something else—very mportant. In my first year of high school, a boy invited me to a football game and I decided that I was going to be very mature on this date. I asked my mother if I could wear lipstick.

"That afternoon when my date came to pick me up, I was in my bedroom getting more exasperated every moment. I hadn't realized, of course, that putting lipstick on took a little practice. So I practiced, using half a stick of lipstick—and half a jar of cold cream to remove it before I finally decided that it was on well enough. Then my hair bothered me. I combed it and recombed it at least fifty times. There was just one little curl that wouldn't turn the way I wanted it.

"I don't know how long I stood before the mirror trying to fix myself up, but I do know that when I finally came out of the room my date had left! He didn't want to miss the *second* half of the football game, too.

"So I learned one thing about boys, early. They'll wait for you—but just so long!

"Then I fell in love, really truly in love right up to today.

"I think it was the night of the first high school dance my mother allowed me to attend. That was the night I think, although I won't ever be sure, that I first fell in love. Not with a boy, but with a color.

"Most people think it strange that I have such a passion for a color. But I think having a favorite color is a little like having a favorite flavor. Some people like chocolate or vanilla, and they enjoy it more than anything else. I think that can happen with a thing you see, too.

The beautiful lavender suit

"For the dance, my mother had altered for me a beautiful lavender suit that my sister had outgrown. It was almost, but not quite, purple. And that evening when I tried it on myself I just didn't think there was anything more beautiful in the world than that suit I was wearing. And I felt a little beautiful wearing it. So don't ever underestimate the power of clothes—or a color! I remember we went to a movie after the dance. I don't remember at all what the movie was about. All I remember is that beautiful, beautiful lavender suit. And *feeling* pretty.

"The clincher came when he took me home. We stood at the front door of my home in the darkness. Without any warning, he said, 'Marilyn, I think you're very pretty.' He hadn't meant to say it so loud, but in the still of the night his voice carried a half block in every direction.

"Then quite suddenly, he kissed me and ran down the steps.

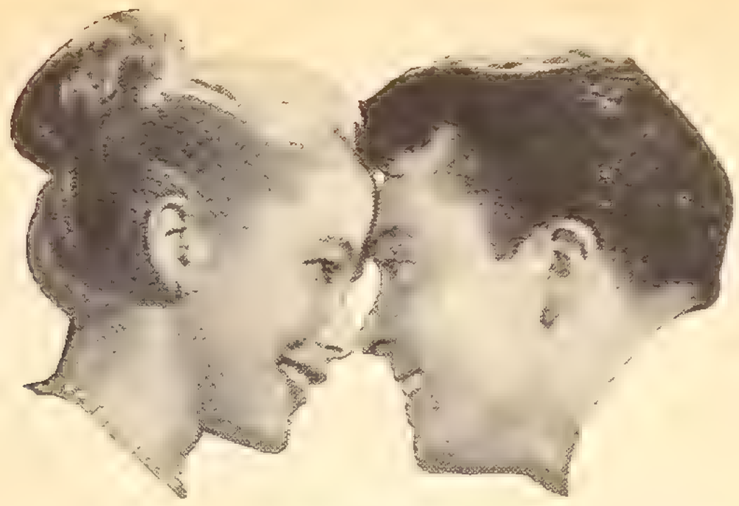
"I watched him hurry down the street, his hands in his pockets, not daring to look back. When I couldn't see him any more, I went into the house. My mother was sitting in a chair, sewing. She smiled; she had heard. Then she said, 'So? He thinks you're pretty?' I said, 'Yes, Mom, he thinks I'm pretty.'

"As I went up the stairs to my room, completely in a daze, I *knew* that I wasn't gawky, or different, or a misfit any longer. I was Marilyn Ann Novak. And a boy had kissed me because he thought I was 'pretty.' And I remember thinking that night before I went to sleep, that 'pretty' was even better than 'beautiful.'

"And that was the end of it. The curse—and the cure. My misery was over."

END

Kim will soon be seen in Columbia's Jeanne Eagels *and* Pal Joey.



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liz taylor's frightening illness

(*Continued from page 45*) papers say so and even people I know." The eyes opened wide, terrified. "Mike, what if it's true? What if my mind makes up all these awful things? Maybe—maybe I'm—unstable—you know?"

"Honey—you're not unstable, you're nuts. For thinking so. The pain you're feeling is real. I know it is. I know you're sick. The doctors know you're sick. What do you care what the papers say? Liz, after we're married, I'll take care of you. You'll see. You'll—"

"No," she said. "I mean it, Mike. It's harder on me than on you. Sometimes—I think I can't bear it. But I've got to. I'm not going to marry you. Now please—let me be alone a while. Please?"

Mike Todd walked away from her. He was remembering what the doctor had said, the specialist who had looked at the X-rays and said there wasn't any danger of her legs becoming paralyzed—she'd just have pain, intense wracking pain—and always the danger that other spinal discs, above and below the crushed one that was causing all the trouble now, would become—what was the word the doctor had used?—herniated. A fancy word all right, Mike was thinking, and all it means is pain that turns her face into a mask as she tries to ride with it. At the door he turned. Liz had turned her face away from him again, toward the painting that hung on one wall of the hospital room. The painting he had sent to keep her company. She wasn't looking at it. Even from the door, Mike could tell that her shoulders were shaking.

Mike finds out the facts

In the morning he called MGM.

"This is Mike Todd. T-O-D-D. I want to talk to the person around here who knows Liz Taylor the best, the longest. Who is it?"

There was a startled silence. Then a voice. "Well—I guess I could find out for you—I guess."

An hour later he was sitting in an office, talking to the man who knew Liz Taylor the best, the longest. He wasted no words.

"Liz isn't going to marry me."

The man jumped. "Whatdya mean, she's not? After all this publicity? That—that rock you gave her? What'd it cost, $75,000? After that, she's not going to marry you? Look, I know Liz. She doesn't just—"

Mike put his hand down on the desk, hard. "She isn't going to marry me because she thinks she's a perpetual invalid, see? Dying or something. In hospitals all the time. Look. You say you know her. Then tell me something. I've got to know. Is it true she's always sick? Is it true she's been sick all her life? Ever since she was a kid?"

The man behind the desk looked at him questioningly. "Why, Mike? What if it is true? In that case you want out?"

"Oh God," Mike Todd said. "I don't care if she's falling apart at the seams. I love her. I want to marry her. But the only way to marry her is to get her better. You see that? That's why I've got to know, why you've got to tell me."

Liz couldn't be a dud

"I see," the man said. He got up and stood with his back to the room, looking down at the METRO lot. There was a silence. Then he spoke. "I remember the first time I knew Liz to get sick," he said slowly. "It was when she was working in *Lassie Come Home*. A horse stepped on her foot. It swelled up to twice its size and we had to take her to a hos-

tal—to get a doctor to cut the shoe off."
'And—" asked Mike.
"And the next day she went downtown
d bought a bigger pair of shoes, so she
uld get the swollen foot in. She could
rdly stand, let alone walk, but she
owed up on the set and went through
r scenes without as much as a whimper.
aid to her, 'Liz, why don't you go home?
ve that foot a break. We'll shoot around
u.' She said, 'Oh, I couldn't do that.
hat—what if they gave the part to some-
dy else?' "
"How old was she?"
"Eight—ten—I don't remember. A baby.
nd then the next time—it was after
itional Velvet, quite a while later. She
as about sixteen, I guess, pretty as a
cture. I went out to the place the
aylors had at Malibu Beach, and I re-
ember her mother was bawling her out
staying in the water too long . . ."
"Turn around, Elizabeth," Mrs. Taylor
id, "and let me dry your back. Honestly,
hat gets into your head I'll never know.
ook at you, blue with cold—"
"I'm not cold," Elizabeth protested. Her
s were stiff and she couldn't stop shiv-
ing. "I'm fine, honest. It's h-hot out."
"Hot indeed," Mrs. Taylor said. "Four
ys ago you had a fever. You had flu;
u couldn't keep a thing down, and
day you're running in and out of the
ater. You know what the doctor said.
ou'll be completely over this if you rest."
"Listen, Mother." Elizabeth dropped to
r knees in the warm sand. "You want

Jim Backus owns a home near Hollywood, but refuses to be a handy man around the house. "Actors here in California," he says, "are always talking about trimming the lawn, building a new wall, washing their car, planting petunias—but not me! I left Cleveland when I was a boy so's I could avoid doing just those things!"

Paul Denis

---

e to go out, don't you? Have dates and
. But Mom, I can't get friends and
ople to like me—if I'm always hanging
ound resting when everyone else is
t having fun—and doing things. I can't
a dud, Mom. Not if I want—to be liked."
She stood up, one quick, graceful move-
ent. The towel dropped to the sand.
Besides," she said lightly, "I feel fine. I'm
over the flu, honest." Suddenly she
as running, feet flickering over the sand
the water's edge.
"And what happened then?" Mike Todd
ked.

shocking rumor from Europe

The man at the window shrugged im-
tiently. "What do you think? She had
e flu half a dozen times more by the
d of the summer. She still gets it. But
e got what she wanted," he said, "that
as the summer she got Glenn Davis' gold
otball—remember all that fuss . . ."
Two years later, she married Nicky Hil-
n. Everyone knew about the wedding,
e angel-like bride, the handsome groom.
ne European honeymoon, hitting all the
ght spots, the casinos, the balls. Then
ck from Europe came a sudden, shock-
g rumor: Liz, the child-bride, had had
heart attack.
The people she knew in Europe came
nning. Some in America who loved her
ough flew to her side. They found Liz,
hite and shaky, rouging her cheeks and
vering her pale lips with lipstick.
"Liz, for God's sake, get to bed and rest.
Where do you think you're going to now?"
To most she said merely, "Out. Nicky's waiting for me."
To one she said, "I've got to tell you this, even if I can't tell anyone else. I'm a bride, a couple of months married—and there's something wrong with my marriage. I don't know what it is yet. All I know is, I'm scared. I'm so scared. Nicky and I—we're losing touch. It happened so fast. If I don't keep up with him now, there won't be anything left at all. Nothing. Nothing. How can that happen—so fast? I've got to be with him now, all I can. He doesn't like being cooped up in a room—he likes things gay and noisy. I've got to be with him evenings, you understand? He doesn't know I feel sick—I wouldn't tell him. And besides," with a determined lift of the chin, "I'm not really sick anyway. It wasn't a heart attack at all—just a little indigestion. Whoever heard of a girl my age having a heart attack?"
She told reporters, "It's a lot of nonsense. A silly rumor. Don't believe a word." The made-up eyes sparkled. The pretty lips smiled. Who was to say Liz Taylor was lying?
"I see," Mike Todd said slowly. "I see."

Not a funny story

"You want more? I remember reading an item even before that, when she was making *Conspirator* with Bob Taylor in London. Very funny piece. It said he made love to her so passionately that she dislocated a vertebra in her spine. The item didn't tell about the scream she gave that sent shivers down to your gut. It wouldn't have made such a funny story then. And a few years later she fell off water skiis, and cracked her back again. But she didn't want to be a damper on the party, so—"
"All right," Mike said. He waved his hand impatiently. "I get the picture. I see. But there's something wrong. Liz is no plaster saint, not by a long shot. Lots of ways, she's good and spoiled. So why this martyrdom, huh?"
"Mike," the man said, "I don't know so much. But one thing I do know. Almost anything a woman does, she does because she wants to be loved. Some women are lucky—a man comes along and loves them, and they know it deeply and truly, and then they can stop struggling. They can relax and be themselves; they can be happy. But some women never believe. They've got to keep running all the time because they figure if they stop, they lose the guy And beautiful women more than anyone else. They figure they're loved for their looks and nothing else. If the looks go, everything goes. And what makes looks go faster than being sick? So they stay well—even if it kills them."
Mike slumped in his chair. "It makes sense. But what about Wilding? Mike Wilding. Listen, I met that guy; he's okay. And he loved her. Whatever went wrong with the marriage, he loved her like crazy. And you can't tell me Liz didn't know it."

"My three men need me"

"I remember," the other man said thoughtfully. "I remember when Liz had her second baby. The little one, Chris. She was as sick as they come. They gave her drug after drug trying to bring her around. She couldn't eat. She couldn't sit up. Weak as a kitten. They gave her—how many tranfusions? Three, wasn't it?—before they breathed easy in that hospital. I know that there was a time there they thought she was going to die. That was the closest anyone came to admitting the plain, obvious truth—that Liz is constitutionally weak, that just the wear and tear of ordinary living is rough on a system like hers, that she's one of the

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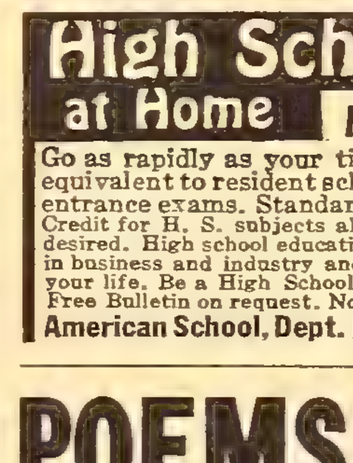


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"But you know who had them even more worried at the hospital? Wilding; you can bet your boots he loved her. To distraction, literally. They couldn't keep him away. Every time she moaned, he would just about die inside. When Liz was in pain, when anything went wrong with her, he wandered around the house like a ghost. And he couldn't hide it. Couldn't be bothered eating, lost weight. Couldn't sleep. He tried to be cheerful when he saw Liz, but it stuck out all over him. She couldn't miss it. That's why she begged them to let her out of the hospital early. That's why she wouldn't stay in bed when she got home, why she had to be up, doing things, pretending to be fine again. Oh, Mike took care of her, wouldn't let her lift a finger. But she should have gone away somewhere by herself, had a complete rest. I told her so. Know what she said? 'Oh, they need me—my three men. Nothing makes a woman feel better than being needed. Besides, I'm fine. Every woman feels a little weak after giving birth, that's all.' The same old story. And it was the same every time she got sick while she was making a movie. When she got a piece of metal in her eye during *Elephant Walk.* When she got the blood clot and the colitis and the flu again during *Giant.* When she got bursitis in the middle of *Raintree County*—'Oh, I can't stay in bed. Everyone's counting on me . . .'"

He came to a sudden halt. "That's it, Mike. That's the best I can do for you. From here on it's up to you."

A tough talk with Liz

Mike Todd got slowly up from his chair. He stretched out his arms and breathed deeply. "From here on," he said, "there are going to be some changes."

He stood by her bedside that night. The hospital corridors were quiet, the white walls of the room were dim—as dim as the tight white skin stretching across her face. He stood solidly, looking down at her with his arms folded on his chest, and he made no move to take her hand.

"Listen, Liz," Mike Todd said, "I've got something to say to you. I don't know if it will make any sense to you, and furthermore, I don't give a damn. Either way, it's what's going to be. Now," he said, "hear this.

"I'm going to get you well, Liz. I don't care how long it takes. You say you're not going to marry me. Okay. Don't. You don't have to. I love you, but I'm a big boy—if I lose you, I won't kill myself.

"But I'm going to get you well. Not for me. For you. I'm going to follow you around with a doctor and a nurse. I'm going to pad you with foam rubber in case you fall down. Every time you say *ouch,* every time you bump your nose, I'm going to put you in a hospital. Then I'm going to rent a room in that hospital and stay there, to make sure you don't leave. I'll hire every doctor in the country and they'll stick with you till they find out what's wrong. Then they'll patch you up and make you rest until for once in your life you really get over something. And I mean rest. If your kids need you, I'll hire them a nurse. If your studio needs you, I'll buy out your contract. If *I* need you, I'll go out and get drunk. But you're going to take care of number one. And when they finally let you out, I'll follow you around some more, just to make sure you're okay.

"And Liz, when you are okay, I don't care what you do. Maybe I'll have done it all so you can marry some other guy. Maybe you'll elope with Monty Clift. Maybe you'll go back to Nick Hilton, like the papers keep telling me. I don't know I don't even care. You get that, Liz? I'm not doing this for me, see, so you can marry me. If you do, that's great. But I'm doing it for you—so you can have what you want and be what you want—with me or without."

"Oh Mike," Liz said. "You great big idiot. You wonderful man. Come here . . ."

Mike went. He held her in his arms and he felt her body shaking.

"Sure, baby," said Mike Todd. "Cry. Get your face red and your nose red and your eyes red. I can look at beautiful women every day of the week. It's the red-nosed ones I go for. Someday, honey, promise me you'll be a mess?"

"You're crazy," mumbled Liz.

"No, I'm not," Mike Todd crooned. "Why, Liz, sweetie, I'm the only sensible man you ever met."

The doctors say "operate"

She stayed in the hospital until her tests were completed. Mike stayed with her. When she had been in the hospital for seven weeks, the doctors came to see him.

"We've found it all right. A herniated disc and spine fusion. She's obviously had something wrong with her back a long time; this is the latest, and worst manifestation of it. Now it's just a question of operating. Can you get her to stay here?"

"She'll stay," Mike said.

She stayed. Then she stayed two weeks more, and rested. When the two weeks were up, she turned to Mike. "I want to leave now. I've got things to do."

"What sort of things?"

Liz smiled. "I want to go to Mexico. I want to marry this guy . . ."

"What guy?"

"Oh," Liz said, giggling, "no one you know . . ."

Mike went to the doctors.

"She can't leave yet, can she? She's still in pain . . ."

"She can go, Mike. She'll be in pain for a long time. But she'd be as well off outside. Just keep her quiet . . ."

A happy Liz

So he took her to Mexico. He carried her off the plane, deposited her in her rooms and forbade her to come out. He fed her chicken broth and jello. He screened her visitors. He made the arrangements for the divorce. He carried her, seated on a chair, to their wedding. He picked up her hankies, put on her shoes. He wrapped her in foam rubber and every time the screaming pain came the pain that paralyzed her legs and turned her white, as happened after one short plane trip—he put her in a hospital again and kept her there.

And when Mike's bride told him that their child would be born in November, he permitted himself time out for just one whoop of joy—before he started thinking of ways to double the foam rubber cushioning he kept wrapped around Liz.

Liz is not yet completely well. In an operation of the type she had, it takes the bones a long time to heal—a long, long time. And if she's careless, or slips on a too-polished dance floor—for Liz Todd it can mean so much more than a bump on her rump—it can mean operations, and pain, and the kind of pressure on delicate spinal nerves that paralyze her and send her screams shrilling through the nights. But with rest, with care, with love, perhaps one day she will be well. It may take a long, long time. But the greatest step has been taken already. For the first time in her life, Liz Taylor is not afraid. **END**

Elizabeth Taylor is currently in Giant *a Warner Bros. release. Watch for her in MGM's* Raintree County.

tony and janet's answers

(Continued from page 38)

Q. *Do you snore?*

JANET No, Tony doesn't.

TONY No, Janet doesn't.

Q. *Does Tony talk in his sleep?*

JANET No.

Q. *When the baby cries in the middle of the night, who gets up to take care of her?*

JANET Both of us. We both hear her and get up.

TONY We both do. I'm very good at taking care of the baby. I haven't stuck her once with a pin. And I'm self-taught, too—with lots of advice, of course, from my friends who are fathers.

Q. *Do you remember each other's birthday and anniversaries?*

JANET He remembers mine, but no one else's.

TONY You bet she does.

Q. *What is the most precious gift ever given you by each other?*

JANET Precious meaning sentimental—I loved the $1 earrings he gave me on our first date, just for no reason. Precious meaning valuable—two years ago at Christmas, he gave me the most beautiful diamond ring.

TONY It was a watch, inscribed in Hungarian. The words read *I love you.* Janet went to my father for the inscription.

Q. *What was your impression the first time you met?*

JANET I thought he was a very handsome boy with the loveliest eyes I had ever seen. I didn't know much else at the first meeting.

TONY She was lovely to behold, an oasis in the midst of a crowded cocktail party.

Q. *What is your greatest fear?*

JANET Bees. I hate bees, they scare me to death.

TONY It depends on who's doing the scaring.

Q. *What's your favorite food?*

JANET Tony loves rye bread.

TONY Italian and French cooking are my favorites, and they've become Janet's too.

Q. *Are you superstitious?*

JANET No.

TONY Not any more than anybody else.

Q. *How do you make each other snap out of it when there's a spell of moodiness?*

JANET I try to tread on very light ground and not raise any issues until he gets over it a little. Then we can talk about the moody spell and maybe find out why.

TONY I act like a clown, and adjust my performance to how moody she is.

Q. *What's your favorite hobby?*

JANET Cleaning house.

TONY Playing the flute. I've rented a flute and I'm practicing *A Lesson A Day* like crazy.

Q. *What one quality do you most admire in each other?*

JANET His devotion to me and his family.

TONY Her tremendous loyalty.

Q. *If you had three magic wishes, what would you wish for?*

JANET All wars to stop. Everyone to feel happy inside. A paid trip around the world for Tony and me, and Kelly and the nurse.

TONY If I had three magic wishes, I'd wish for twelve more.

Q. *If you could be anyone else in the world, who would you want to be?*

JANET Can't think of anyone I'd rather be than me.

TONY Cary Grant.

Q. *Why?*

JANET I don't mean for this to sound corny, but I sat here trying to think of all the people in the world that one would likely want to be, but thinking about it I realize they have problems I wouldn't want. And no one else could have Tony for a husband and Kelly for a daughter, so I really mean—I'm glad *I'm me.*

TONY Cary Grant has the kind of sophistication I would most like to have. To me he's not only a good actor, but a *great* one. I don't like to apply the word charming to a man, but Cary is *charming.* His is a fabulous masculine charm.

Q. *What do you most like about yourself?*

JANET I think—I hope—I'm a good wife and mother, or at least I like the fact that I really *want* to be.

TONY Oh, come now!

Q. *What do you dislike most?*

JANET My impatience about things that I know don't matter much, and that I should not be bothered by.

TONY Hey! You're asking that question of an actor!

Q. *What bugs you the most about each other?*

JANET When Tony doesn't eat well.

TONY There's nothing that bugs me about Janet. I'm ecstatic twenty-four hours a day on the subject of Janet Leigh. So what's the next question? **END**

Watch for Janet in U-I's Badge Of Evil *and RKO's* Jet Pilot. *Tony will soon be seen in U.A.'s* Sweet Smell Of Success *and* The Ballad of Cat Ballou. *He'll also be in the U-I film,* The Midnight Story.

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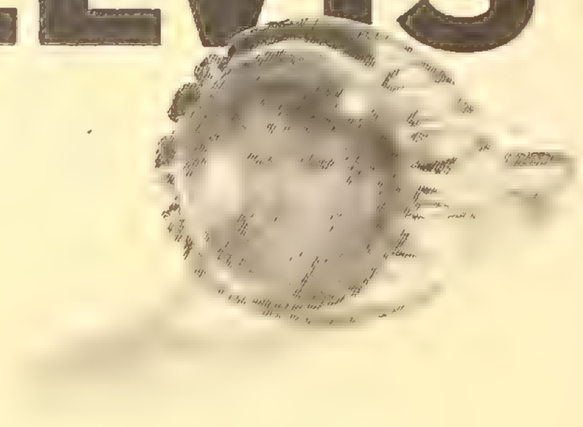
(Continued from page 49) *smooth it is. And she is forty-eight or forty-nine now, you know."*

The second woman had an easy answer for this one. "Face lift, my dear," she said.

If Joan had overheard that *crack, she would no doubt have told the lady about the woman who rushed up to her a little while back and declared, "It is impossible to look like you do, Miss Crawford. We're the same age! Have you had a face lift?" "I pointed to my hair-do," says Joan, "worn straight back from my forehead and ears into a chignon. 'Could I wear a hair-do like this if I had?' I laughed. I wasn't insulted. I was just happy that she thought I looked so well."*

"Does Madame wish to order now," the waiter asked Joan, "or is Madame waiting

ELVIS ELVIS ELVIS



The girl had just walked out of the
theater. It wasn't the first time she
had been there . . . and maybe
she had talked too much, or shown
off the ring too much . . .
Anyway, as she told it to the police later,
she was walking out of the theater
and had stopped a minute to
look at the big poster of Elvis
that was out in front.
Suddenly she heard a whisper
behind her—*That's her! Grab it!*
When she came to, her head was
splitting—and her finger was
bare. The ring was gone!
Who had taken it? The girl didn't know.
The police asked her that,
mentioning that it was just a $1
ring—and who'd bother com-
mitting a crime for a $1 ring? The
girl gets quite furious at that part.
"Anybody would!" she told the
officers quite heatedly, *"it was
Elvis' picture ring!"*
Well, now, that *does* explain it!
Because that Elvis picture ring is really
quite a hunk of stuff. You see it's
gold-plated, adjustable to any
finger, designed with a snazzy groove
pattern—and has a four-color
picture of Elvis under a mag-
nifying lucite lens!
Of course it costs only $1—now, ordered
from MODERN SCREEN. Guess
that dirty crook didn't know that
Elvis-on-your-finger could
be bought so easily.
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it wasn't a dirty crook at all—just
another fan. When the girl
found out she dropped the charges
and together they started another
Elvis fan club.
If you want one of these really stunning
jobs so that you can look at
Elvis' picture whenever you
want to—don't steal—just
fill in the coupon below.
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story. But we wouldn't be
surprised at all if it *had* happened!

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for someone to meet her for lunch?"

"And besides," said the second lady at the corner table, "despite all the glamour, isn't it funny that she's here all alone today? I know for a fact from the newspapers that her husband got in from a business trip this morning and you'd think . . ."

The lady clammed up fast when she suddenly noticed Joan look up at the smiling, gray-haired, slightly-heavy man who had just walked over to her. Alfred Steele, with the rugged good looks of a cigarette ad, the rugged poise and manners of an Army padre. Her husband, Alfred Steele.

Why Joan's very much in love

Alfred sat down beside Joan, giving her as discreet a kiss as a husband can give his wife in public. Then he reached into his pocket and handed Joan a package. Joan opened it quickly. She gasped as she picked up her present—two intertwining hearts with what must have been a hundred and one diamonds spelling out their Valentine's Day message. Joan was so thrilled she let out with a big loud "Oh!" She obviously didn't know what to do first, kiss Alfred or clip on her pin. Eventually she calmed down enough to kiss her husband, clip on her pin, then kiss him again.

"Despite all the glamour," said the first lady at the left corner table to her slightly-blushing friend, "I'd say that Joan Crawford is very much in love."

And Joan—if she'd overheard *that*—couldn't have agreed more . . .

"I need love," says Joan, who's no slouch at saying exactly what she thinks on any given subject. "Every woman needs it. To me, love is everything. A woman has to be wanted, needed, giving—or she is nothing. Yes, to me, love is everything. And now, bless my husband, I *have* love.

"It may sound funny, but in Alfred I have a man who opens doors for me. That's right. For most of my life I've had to open doors for myself, be man *and* woman to myself. But Alfred opens doors for me all the time and does the dozens of other little things a man should do for his woman, his wife, if he wants her to feel like a woman, like a wife.

"In Alfred, too, I have the kind of man who sends me dozens of flowers on the set every day when I'm working. He doesn't do this to show other people how much money he has, how many bouquets he can afford. He does it simply because he knows I love flowers.

"And in Alfred I have the kind of wonderful man who is forever saying that I look beautiful—whether we've just got up in the morning, are getting ready to go to bed at night, anytime. I remember one day when I was arranging the house for some dinner guests that evening. I'd been fixing flowers for about an hour when Alfred walked into the room. I was just about to ask him about the flowers, weren't they pretty and all that. 'My God,' he said, 'you look beautiful!' The flowers were ignored. But I certainly wasn't.

"It's strange, but a lot of women—let's say females—are happy when *anyone* tells them they look beautiful. That may be all right sometimes. But to me it's when your husband says it, when the man who loves you says it, that it really means anything."

The unhappy years

It's nice to hear Joan talk like this today. Because you know darn well that her outwardly gay and glamorous life hasn't always been one of doors being opened for her, of flowers on the set, of a good man around with a word of love first thing in the morning and last thing at night.

Joan was married three times before her marriage to Al Steele. And all three marriages—first to Douglas Fairbanks Jr., then to Franchot Tone, then to Phil Terry—ended in divorce and the kind of heartbreak a gal like Joan has always kept mum about, though her closest friends knew what she was going through at the time.

"Doug and Franchot were both very dashing young men," one of these friends says, "and for quite a while Joan was deliriously happy with each of them, as they were with her. But Joan's an incredibly strong-willed woman, a woman of tremendous inner discipline. And it wasn't after more than a few years with both Doug and Franchot that it became obvious she expected from them certain things—little, every-day things—which she had trained herself to do and which she thought others should do. Both these men loved Joan, but they couldn't keep up with her, and eventually the marriages went flooey.

"Outwardly, Joan pretended not to be too upset by the divorces. But in her heart, you knew that—while she was one of the most beautiful women in the world—she was one of the loneliest."

Out of sheer loneliness

When Joan met Phil Terry, she was wallowing in loneliness.

Things weren't so bad during the day. Joan has been called "one of God's finest mothers"—even though all four of her children are adopted, or "hand picked" as Joan says—and she'd spend hour after hour with the children when she wasn't working, seeing that they were happy, making sure they ate right, played right, listening to their problems, counseling them about this, that and every other thing. But at night, after the children were in bed upstairs and fast asleep, Joan had to sit downstairs in her huge living room and face the fact that she was alone.

"I married once out of sheer loneliness," she'll tell you—obviously referring to her marriage to Phil Terry. Of course, she liked Phil at the time. And she still does. But both Joan and Phil realized a little while after the wedding that you don't just up and marry someone you like.

On the warm side

Joan met Alfred Steele a few years after her divorce from Phil. At a party. A few minutes after Joan arrived, her hostess introduced her to a very pleasant-looking man standing a few yards away.

"Joan," said the hostess," I'd like you to meet Alfred Steele. Alfred's the president of PEPSI-COLA."

Joan and Alfred smiled, shook hands and said their *how-do-you-dos.*

The hostess smiled, too. She'd heard blasé how-do-you-dos in her time and she'd heard warm how-do-you-dos. These were definitely on the warm side.

"Now Joan," she said, "you tell Alfred all about movies and Alfred you tell Joan all about soda pop and things—"

The hostess then flitted happily away and, as she was to say a few years later, "I never realized at the time that I'd played a part in what has become my favorite love story."

For Joan and Alfred it wasn't *exactly* a love story from the very beginning. They liked each other very much—Joan liked the way Alfred laughed at things, not the chi-chi things one laughs about in Hollywood, but normal everyday downright funny things. Alfred liked the way Joan

Harry Kurlitz, the playwright-screenwriter, was intrigued by such Hollywood-concocted names as Rock Hudson and Tab Hunter. He thought that the next one ought to be named with a view towards the public good—a name like Drive Safely . . .

Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post

ooked all the time; he liked her natural harm, her honest approach to everything. They respected each other very much—oan respected Alfred's fantastically-wise usiness sense; Alfred respected Joan's etermination to continue to improve her lready fantastically-successful career, oan being the only movie personality in he world who has been a star for thirty-ne years.

But after about five years of seeing one nother on and off and recalling on and off hat they liked and respected one another, omething very funny began to happen to oth of them.

Alfred tells Joan

They weren't kids anymore, but Joan—he famous movie star and very sophisti-cated woman of the world—would find herself blushing a little when she'd happen o have a date with Alfred and someone would come rushing up to them out of the clear blue and coo: "My, don't you two ook like a pair of lovebirds!"

And Alfred—the business tycoon and nan of sweeping decisions—would find himself stuttering a little when a buddy would say to him, "Saw you and Joan at he theater last night. Holding her hand because you didn't want her to get lost, Al?"

No, they weren't kids anymore. As a matter of fact, Alfred was in his early ifties, Joan in her late forties. But on the night of May 9, 1955, Alfred decided to helve the stutter and do his part to put n end to Joan's blushing, and he made ike a very brusque high school boy, took his girl's hand and said:

"You and I are getting married tonight!"

"He didn't ask me," smiles Joan today, thinking back. "He just told me that we were getting married and I said, 'That's wonderful!' and that was that."

A little while after he'd proposed to Joan and kissed her—with that special something that goes into a kiss between a man and the woman who is going to be his bride in a few hours, Alfred leaned back and said, "My plane is here. I'll call the pilot and co-pilot and we'll fly down to Las Vegas within the hour."

He picked up the phone so quickly he didn't have a chance to see Joan's face pale a little, to hear her ask softly—"Fly?" Joan had never been in a plane before. She'd always been deathly afraid of them. She remained frozen for a moment now. "Fly?" she said again, a break in her whisper. And then she looked over at Alfred, all excited on the phone trying to get a quick flight to Vegas, all excited to get married in a hurry. And slowly the color came back into her cheeks and she smiled and then she couldn't help laughing as she called out—"Sure we'll fly!"

She's never flown since

"It's sometimes hard," a friend of Joan's has said, "to pin down an answer to the old Hollywood question: these two people getting married, do they really love one another? Well, let me tell you that I've known Joan a long time and she must have been doubly nuts about Alfred for him to get her to go on that plane that night. She'd never flown before. She's never flown since. But that night she flew. And for me that's the answer to how she felt about Alfred Steele when she married him."

The wedding was performed at two o'clock the next morning. The honeymoon that followed was happy—but very short. Alfred had to fly back East for some very important business conferences and Joan had to get back to Hollywood for a picture she'd just begun to work on.

So they kissed good-by one morning and parted. And so the voices of doom—always on the wait—began to cry out that all was not well between Alfred and Joan, that wasn't it a shame how the soda king had left his movie queen like that, that you could bet your life this one wouldn't last six months.

Wrote one columnist, *Here was one of the most impetuous marriages in history. I won't be surprised if it ends just as impetuously.*

Wrote another: *Joan Crawford, the new bride, came back to town yesterday—alone. It will be a shame if this marriage busts up before it's even got a chance to get going.*

"Poor Joan," said some of the people who knew her. "With two strong personalities like theirs, it's going to be one battle after another."

Their first battle

These friends would have been very amused if they could have witnessed the first *battle* Joan and Alfred were to have. Actually, it was a very one-sided affair and it took place a few weeks after the wedding, when Alfred hopped on the first plane he could get and flew to Hollywood to be with Joan.

He arrived in Los Angeles late in the afternoon and drove right out to the studio where Joan was working. The director was nice enough to yell "Cut!" so they could embrace for a few minutes. And then bango, the director yelled "Action!" and Joan had to get back to work.

A couple of hours later, an exhausted Joan told Alfred she was through working for the day. She took his hand and led him to her dressing room, where they had dinner.

PHOTO DEPT.: Don Ameche and Jean-Pierre Aumont were being photographed for an ad. The cameraman asked Mr. Aumont to brush "that piece of lint from your lapel" . . . Aumont replied: "I beg your pardon—but that is the French Legion of Honor."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

Midway through the dinner someone opened the door and said, "We've got a very early call in the morning, Joan. You're staying here as usual tonight?"

Joan had told Alfred once that while filming a picture she often slept in her dressing room during the week, that it helped ease the tremendous tensions involved in getting a picture made. Now Alfred looked at the man at the door, then he looked around the dressing room—a tiny eight-by-ten job. Then he looked at Joan, the wife he hadn't been with in so many weeks. And before Alfred had a chance to say anything Joan said, "We're *both* staying here tonight!"

The man at the door, stunned, closed it and went away.

"But darling," Joan said taking Alfred's hand, "it's going to be a little uncomfortable."

"Now tell me," Alfred said very imperiously, as if he were addressing an annual board meeting, "what do you sleep on around here anyway?"

Joan got up and opened a closet door. She pointed to two mattresses. "That's my home away from home," she laughed.

"Darling," Joan said, as she tucked in a sheet on her side, "I'm afraid you're going to have to get up pretty early tomorrow morning. You know, the make-up man, the hairdressers and the wardrobe people get here first thing."

"Any time you say," Alfred said, reaching for her hand.

Joan withdrew her hand long enough to pick up an alarm clock and begin to set it.

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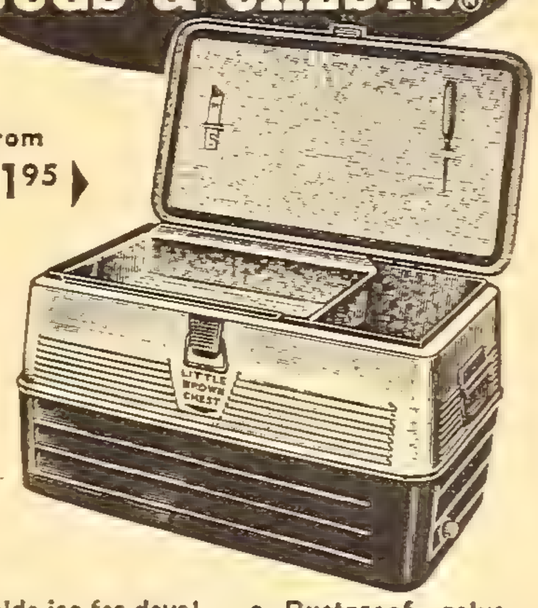


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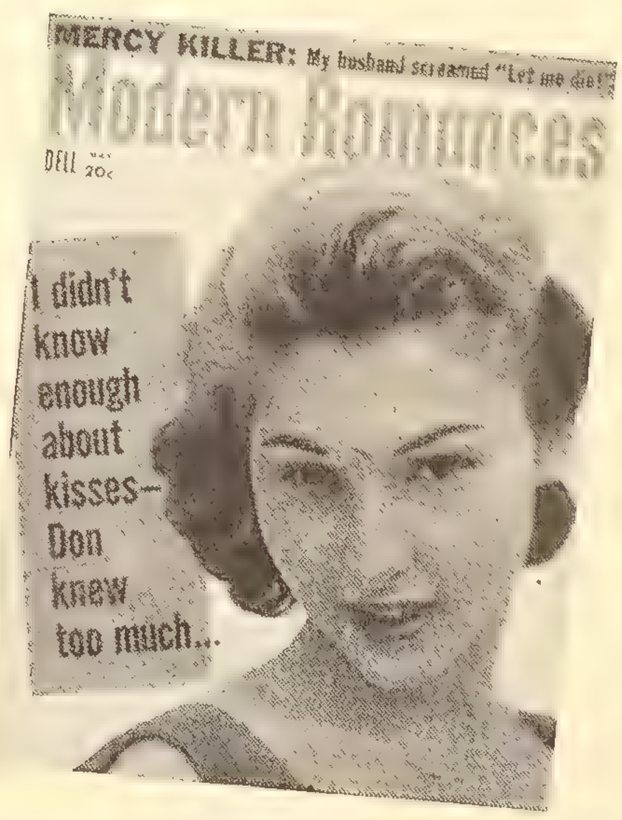
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She added, "When I say early, I mean 4:45!"

Joan still breaks out into a roaring laugh when she recalls the expression on his face when he heard about reveille that next morning. And she'll never forget what happened when the alarm did go off. "I shook and shook him," Joan says, "and told him that I'd have to get the mattresses off the floor before the others could even get into the room. 'Please, darling,' I said, 'get up and go to the house. Please—before anybody gets here.' Alfred finally opened his eyes and looked at me and shook his head. 'Sweetheart,' he said, 'you make it seem as if we aren't even married!'"

The voices of doom began to relax their vocal chords somewhat after Alfred had been in town for a couple of days. And the reason for this was simple . . . They *had* to. Because in all the years Hollywood had known Joan Crawford, no one in town had ever seen her more radiantly happy.

She was with Alfred every free moment she had. She spent hours during her days off with him and the children—"who loved him at first sight." She brought him to parties at night, proudly introducing him to those friends who hadn't met him yet, to people she herself barely knew—"just because I *was* so proud of him."

And, best of all, she spent many hours alone with the man who had been her friend for five years and was her husband now and—just like it had happened in her movies, but not in her life—she grew more and more in love with the man she'd married.

By the time Alfred had to leave again on a business trip, the voices of doom—with one or two exceptions—had croaked themselves hoarse, and speculation on whether or not *this* one would last was dropped.

Modern Screen checks

That was all two years ago. Very little has been written about Joan and Alfred since. Of course, there've been occasional rumors about discontent between the Steeles.

Well, MODERN SCREEN has done some recent checking on these rumors, talked to Joan and Alfred and friends of Joan's and Alfred's. And this is what we've learned:

Said a woman friend of Joan's in publicity at COLUMBIA PICTURES in Hollywood —"I was on an eight-week tour of the country recently with Joan, plugging one of her pictures. She's the most incredible woman I've ever known. You know how these exploitation tours are—a holy mess. You're in a different city every day and you're usually riding trains all night to arrive in Oshkosh or Butte at 7:30 the next morning. Well, Joan's a real clickety-clacker for something like this, always smiling, always gracious, always looking just divine. And there's me after about a week of this, dragging along behind her, wondering how long she can keep up the interviews, luncheons, dinners, presentations, premières . . . Well, anyway, for Joan it was clickety-clack and business and running around all day. But then suddenly, no matter what she was doing, everything would stop cold while Joan took off an hour to phone her children and her husband. She used to call Alfred at 5:30 every afternoon. One day, I remember, we were scheduled to catch a train at 5:28. The next train left at 11. I didn't bother checking with Joan about which train we were going to end up taking. I knew she would call Alfred at 5:30 come hell or high water—and she did . . . Me? I went to sleep for a couple of hours!"

Joan Steele—wife

Said a PEPSI-COLA executive who works in New York and is a close friend of the Steeles—"PEPSI had a big company convention down in Miami a few months ago. Joan came down for it and stole the show —not as Joan Crawford, the movie star but as Joan Steele, wife. It was really a pleasure to watch her go out of her way to mingle with everybody, old-timers like me and young fellows who'd only been with the company a year or so. And you should have seen her the night Alfred had to make his big speech. I was sitting next to Joan while he talked and I've seen tense and nervous and concerned wives—but this girl took the cake. And when he was finished, they smiled at each other in happy relief and spent the rest of the evening sitting there proudly holding hands, as if he were the head of a plant in upper Wisconsin and had just made a talk to the boys in lower Wisconsin and she were his young wife who'd heard the speech and couldn't have been more pleased."

Said another friend in New York—"Here's something Joan probably won't know about till she reads this. I tell it to you because it shows the kind of guy Alfred is, how he loves not only Joan—but her kids. It happened here in New York a couple of weeks ago. Christina, Joan's oldest daughter, was in town for what amounted to her first big fling in the big city. Her mother bought her a new dress, new everything, then arranged for the girl to have a date with a nice young fellow who works for one of the movie companies here. When the boy arrived that night he, Tina, Joan and Alfred sat around for a while, talking and generally getting the night off to a good start. At one point he called the boy aside and, as quietly as possible, but typically straightforward, asked the boy: 'Do you have enough money for tonight, son?' The boy nodded quickly and said *yes, he had.* 'You're sure?' Alfred asked him, concerned. *Positive* the boy said. I thought it marvelous that he was so concerned," said the friend.

"She has all the qualities"

Said Alfred recently about his wife Joan —"She has all the qualities I'd ever hope to find in a woman. She has a great capacity for giving love. She takes pride in how she manages her affairs, in my friends, in hers. Right now she's doing a terrific job of remodeling a penthouse we've bought here in New York. Even to a strenuous chore such as this, Joan is giving all her genius for doing things, all her love—throwing everything she's got into it for the simple reason that this is going to be our home and that it has got to be just right . . . You can add, for the record, that I love my beautiful wife very much, that to me she's most beautiful when she wakes up first thing in the morning, without any make-up, just with those eyes and with that smile."

Said Joan to us about Alfred: "I like to *be* with him. I like to be with him as much as possible. I like to be with Alfred because he makes me feel like I've never felt before . . .

"I'll confess that there is a time each day when I must be alone just to sit and think about the day—alone, in my dressing room.

"During this period, the tensions within me are relaxed and I'm content. And then I go home to be with my husband—and *then,* more than just content, I'm happy.

"I don't like to brag but let's face it, I've got me a wonderful man. For so many years what love there was in me, what feminine qualities I possessed, were lying asleep. What more can I say than that Alfred—a wonderful gentleman, a wonderful father, a wonderful husband—has brought this love and this gee-it's-great-to-be-a-woman feeling back to my life. He makes me feel so young!" EN

Joan will soon be seen in Columbia's The Golden Virgin.

how june broke dick's heart

(*Continued from page 35*) Dean Martin that she had so soon after she eloped with Dick. She could get away with that, because after all, that's just what she was, a school-girl, a kid, and all the kids had a crush on Dean then—it didn't mean a thing. Everyone knew that, didn't they? Dick knew it; he didn't mind at all. He even let her leave with Gloria de Haven, who was absolutely her best friend, and traipse all the way to Philadelphia to catch the Martin-and-Lewis nightclub act after they left Hollywood. Didn't that prove he didn't mind? "Because of course," June said to herself, her heart beating suddenly faster, "of course I wouldn't have gone if Dick had said *no*—he knew that. And he met me at the train when we got back and hugged me, and that shut up the talk—and of course it was all nonsense. There was never anything between Dean and me—it was Dick I loved, Dick I married. There was nobody else—nobody. . . .

"Oh, God," June whispered, staring suddenly down the long stretch of her eleven-year marriage that had come to an end a month before, "is that when it started? Is that what went wrong? Is that how—how the end began?"

A sign of growing up

No. No, it couldn't have been. They loved each other so much, then. They were living in the house in Brentwood, that pretty house, and they were hoping for children. Dick had a daughter by his first marriage to Joan Blondell; he loved being a father, he wanted more. And to June, it was such a wonderful thing to dream about a baby, a little doll of a baby to cuddle and love and play with—she could hardly wait. But as the years went by and no baby came, it didn't pull them apart—it made them closer to share a trouble, to comfort each other. Once Richard even said, "In some ways I'm glad of this, June. You take this so—so maturely, so calmly. It's a sign you're growing up, sweetheart." Funny. At the time she hadn't liked his saying that.

But now, lying in the hospital bed with her hands stretched out on the sheet before her, hands that looked so thin that they seemed the knuckled hands of an old woman instead of a girl, the words came back like a benediction, filled with gentleness and pride.

"But I didn't hear them that way then, Richard . . ." she thought. "Was that it?"

A time to be dignified

But they had been happy anyway. The day they drove back from the foundling home with baby Pamela in their arms—that was almost eight years ago, and they were so happy to have adopted her that it seemed they could never be happier. And then—then to come home to the news that June's upset stomach had turned out to be the first symptoms of the pregnancy they had prayed for—oh, it seemed like the world would explode with their happiness!

Ricky was born, and Richard said to her, "Now you're a mother twice over, Junie. You'll have to start being dignified. . ." And she remembered she was annoyed because there he was, talking like that again. But just because she was annoyed didn't mean she didn't love him!

And then Dick got penicillin poisoning on the way to Cuba. Oh, God, what a time that was. They took him to the hospital in an ambulance. June was making a picture then—a musical. In the middle of a scene she heard herself saying not her line: "How wonderful everything is—how beautiful the world can be," but instead, "Richard . . . Richard . . . Richard." And then she was running off the lot, tears pushing their way down through the make-up, running to the hospital to be with him. What had the studio done?—fined her, suspended her, lectured her? She couldn't even remember. All she remembered was taking a room next to Richard's and lying awake every night, praying, "God, let him live. Please let him live. . ." until her weight went down to eighty-six. And when Richard finally did come home from the hospital, he had to put Junie to bed and nurse her!

Too dreadful to remember

That was in 1952.

1952. In the quiet hospital room, the sick woman shuddered. 1952—just thinking of that date made her want—her head moved restlessly from side to side—want to die, to get it over with. But why? What had been so bad about 1952? Why was that one year too dreadful to remember? No, she wouldn't think about it. Not now.

Her eyes were closing. "*Sleep*," the nurse had said. "I'll think about it tomorrow," June told herself. "Now I'll go to sleep. . ."

Out in the corridor, footsteps paused at her door. It must have been the fever—fever makes people able to hear acutely. For the doctor spoke softly, but June heard him say, "Well? Any better?"

And the nurse reply, "No better. Worse. I can't get her to eat. She hardly sleeps a wink. She just doesn't seem to care."

And the doctor: "I wonder how many patients we lose to *that*—to the worst killer of them all . . . just not caring. Not wanting to live. But why her? All right, I know she split with her husband. But so what? She's famous, lovely, she has her kids—she's got everything in the world to live for." And then a sigh. "Don't disturb her now, nurse. I'll look in in an hour."

Everything to live for. "I'd laugh," June thought bitterly, "except like they say, it hurts to laugh. Everything to live for. . ." Oh yes, she was famous. But Richard had chosen her scripts for eleven years. Richard had decided on her hair-do, coached her in her lines, guided her career. She was famous when she met him, but he was the one who had kept her that way. Now—now she was on her own.

And it didn't feel good.

And the kids—sure, she had them. She'd have a lifetime of bringing them up alone, of trying to put Pam's world together again after shattering it, separating her from her father. A lifetime of telling Ricky why he couldn't bring his troubles and joys to his father every night like the other fellows did, a lifetime of trying to keep him from feeling that he was the only man in a houseful of women. Oh yes, she had the kids—but what did *they* have now?

1952. When she had recovered from her illness after Richard's bout with penicillin, she found a world that seemed to have changed. Was it because she was so tired that she seemed to see with different eyes? Was it because she was conscious

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A half-century has passed since Helen Hayes first trod the boards and began the rise which has made her without a peer, with the possible exception of Miss Barrymore. Even those closest to royal families recognize her legitimate rule, onstage or off. Once, in a beauty parlor, Helen sat under a hair dryer and wanted something to read. She called out: "Anyone got a Harper's?"

A copy was placed in her hands. Helen Hayes looked up to thank the lady—the Duchess of Windsor.

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

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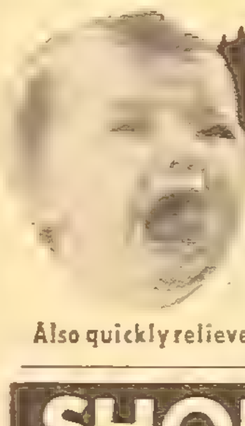
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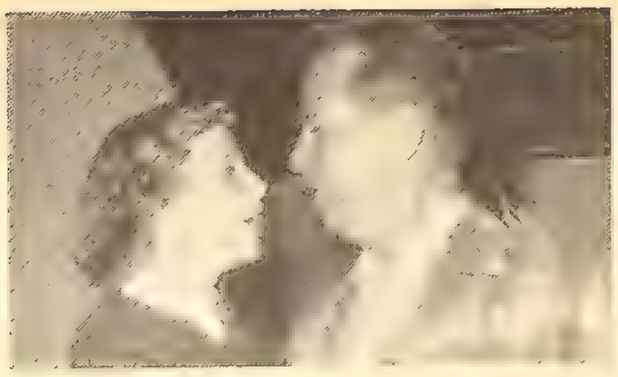
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Richard's Intentions: Honorable!

■ There have been many glad-sad moments in June Allyson's life, but the most memorable of all, June said once, was when she met and married Dick Powell.

Their first meeting took place on a movie set; Powell was the star in that one, while June merely had a small role. Then she got pneumonia. Dick phoned her, and casually said, "When you get well, I'll take you to dinner."

"I got over my pneumonia in two days flat," June recalled. "We had dinner—and I've been moony about the guy ever since! You know, I'd have married Richard five minutes after I met him if I could!"

After June and Richard's eighth date—eighth, mind you—the blue-eyed blonde decided he'd had enough time already, so she up and asked, "What are your intentions?"

Taken aback, Dick spluttered that his divorce from Joan Blondell wasn't final yet. Besides, he bluntly informed her, he had no intention of marrying again!

June wept. "We'd better not see each other any more," she said.

So Powell left her on her doorstep, and drove off in something of a huff. By the time he got home, he'd had a chance to cool off. He phoned to say good night, but Junie was too choked up to talk to him. That did it! He climbed into his car and rushed right back to her.

"I met him at the door with a red nose and my eyes swollen," June remembers, "and he demanded to know why I was crying. I told him it was because he didn't love me."

"But I *do* love you," he insisted. And then it happened.

Flinging herself into his arms, June cried, "And I love you, *Tommy*!"

You see, before Powell popped into her life, June had been dating a boy named Tommy—for fully four years.

Credit Powell with a strong sense of humor. He married her anyway.

"Know something?" June said once—not too long ago. "The only fight we've ever had was over furnishing our home. That was when we were first married. Richard let me have my way about the wallpaper in the hall, probably because he got tired of my talking about it so much. But he warned me that it would look terrible. Sure enough, after the men put it up, it *did* look terrible. And Richard insisted on leaving it that way! Guess he wanted to make sure I'd listen to him next time!

"And I sure love to listen to him," she smiled, her eyes misty. "Especially when he sings *I Only Have Eyes For You!*"

of not looking her best, dark circles under her eyes, her neck thin above the Peter-Pan collars—that all the new women seemed to look so good by comparison? And so—so different? Marilyn Monroe. Jane Russell. This Italian woman everyone talked about, Gina Lolo-whatever-it-was. Women with big, sexy—features?—and masses of thick hair. Had there always been so many of them?

"But it doesn't matter to me," she had thought then, looking down at her slender body, touching her soft hair. "I'm the sweet, innocent, *young* type." But she looked in the mirror, and the face with the rings around the eyes and the tiniest of lines beginning around the mouth—was that face so young after all? Could it still look like eighteen? Was it possible that it looked more like—thirty?

"No!" she cried, panic-stricken. "No. It can't be. I won't let it!" She bought new make-up, discarded her pink lipsticks for fuchsia and cherry-red. She bought a gown—if it had a Peter Pan collar, the collar would have had to be pinned on her neck—because the gown began far, far below that. "Richard, take me out. Take me to a night club. Let's go dancing!"

"Aw, honey," Richard said. "I had a lousy day—we did one crummy scene fourteen times. Let's stay home."

And she thought, "I don't excite him anymore. He isn't proud of me. He doesn't want to show me off. Maybe he's ashamed of me now."

She thought, "I'll show him. I'll be prettier than I ever was. I'll show him I'm not old and worn out, not by a long shot. I'll show him. . ."

Didn't he see at all?

They went to a party. She danced with every man in the room. She laughed and chattered, and they laughed with her, loving her gaiety. Her head whirled. Richard gave her odd, puzzled looks all evening. She pretended she didn't see. Her feet flew. "I haven't felt this way," she thought, "since before I was married!"

In the car on the way home, she waited for him to say something. He said only, "Junie, you shouldn't be knocking yourself out like this. You know you're supposed to take it easy for quite a while yet."

Was that all? Didn't he care? Didn't he see at all?

They moved. It was Dick's idea to buy the thirty-acre wilderness on top of Mandeville Canyon, live in that great big house instead of their nice Brentwood home. June threw herself into redecorating—Dick footed the bills for her Christmas present. Had he liked what she did with the place? The glamour that gilded every room? "I can't find a chair to sit down in," he complained, but of course he was only joking. It was a perfect house—a house to go with a new June Allyson, gayer than ever. But Dick didn't seem to like her gaiety, her parties. He spent more and more time flying his airplane, all alone up in the clouds. June couldn't bring herself to complain. He'd given up his beloved yacht just because she was a bad sailor and couldn't like it no matter how hard she tried. But the plane wasn't any better as far as she was concerned—Dick never even asked her to go up with him.

She gave more parties.

The awful thing with Sue and Alan Ladd

And at all those parties, there were men. Dozens of admiring men, who clustered around her no matter how many big-busted beauties lined the walls. "See!" Junie wanted to shout, "I'm still attractive. I'm still popular. See, Dick?" But Dick didn't see. He wrapped her up warmly when they went out, brought her home when she got tired. Even when she flirted so outrageously that it made her gasp with a little schock at herself, he said nothing.

And she thought he didn't care.

1952 passed. 1953 came and went and then—and then came that awful, awful thing with Sue and Alan Ladd. Even now, years later, it made her cringe to think of it. And nothing had happened. Nothing at all between her and Alan. But they were making a picture together and of course they were friendly—and maybe, maybe she hardly knew how to be friendly any more, without sort of testing, just a little, to see if she was still June Allyson, darling June Allyson, whom no man could resist. But that was all. Even if no one believed her, that was all.

All—until the day Sue Ladd strode up to her on the set and said, "June, I want a word with you!" And the next day, Sue left Alan.

She had thought she would die then. Die of sheer shame. All the papers talking about it, all the columnists who had been her friends, saying such awful things. Everyone talking. Everyone—but Dick. Dick said casually, "Let's you and me go skiing, June. . ."

The whispers regarding Lemmon

"Don't be so darned understanding," she wanted to cry. "Yell at me. Hit me. Tell me to behave myself!" But Dick never did. Not then, not all during the filming of *You Can't Run Away From It*, when she and Jack Lemmon were together all the time, even though Dick himself was directing them in the movie! Other people whispered—she knew that. One of the columnists came out and said she'd divorce Dick and marry Jack when his divorce came through. Imagine—marry Jack after being married to Dick. Why Jack was a sweetie—but he was a baby compared to Dick. Marry Jack indeed!

But in a queer way, it was good to see her name in the columns again, no matter what they said.

A TV producer insists that audiences prefer happy endings to stories. He'll do no plays that end in a sad downbeat. He hired a writer to do an adaptation of *Gone With The Wind* . . . The writer tried to avoid any tragic note in the big scenes. "In my version of *Gone With The Wind*," he insisted, "anyone who lived in Atlanta had fire insurance."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

But no marriage could stand up under this. If Dick never talked about her flirtations—well, he hardly ever talked to her at all any more, unless it was something about the kids. And even then they fought. They fought over where to send Pam to school. They fought over what to buy Ricky for his birthday. They fought over Dick's daughter Ellen living with them, over June's brother living with them. Why, she didn't know. She loved Ellen, and Dick liked her brother and nothing, no school, no gift, was as important to their two children as their parents' togetherness—and they knew it. Yet they fought. They couldn't reach each other any more, they were angry strangers, living in the same house.

And then, Europe. "Was that only last summer? How long ago it seems," June thought, staring into the dark. "And now spring is coming again. . ."

They had wanted to go to Europe for so long. Neither had ever been there and it was a dream of their earliest years together. But every year after year something would keep coming up: a picture for June, a TV series for Dick, something about the kids—they never went. Last

summer they woke up to find themselves free, able to go. June would make a film in Munich. "How wonderful," they both said. "How wonderful!" But inside June couldn't seem to work up much enthusiasm, no matter how much she gushed about it to others. *Maybe it was waiting so long that took the thrill away* she thought, and the truth was that her heart was dead. The dream was something left over from another life.

And in Europe, it was so bad that Dick left her in Munich to finish up *Interlude* with Rossano Brazzi and took off with Edgar Bergen on the grande tour that they, June and Dick, were supposed to have done together. Then he went home to Mandeville Canyon, leaving June to follow with the kids whenever she liked.

They even talked to their business managers about community property and California divorces.

She had never been so scared in her life.

And then the picture was over, and she couldn't stay any longer. She had to go home, to talk to Richard, to try again.

She rushed the kids through their packing, scrounged plane reservations. "Where's your pride?" she asked herself. And answered, "Wherever it is, I don't want it."

The nightmare was really over

She flew home to Richard. The separation had been as hard on him as on her. He welcomed her with joy. For a week—for two weeks—for a month she hardly dared think, for fear of shattering this happiness, this song in her heart. They were together again, she and Richard. The nightmare was over.

There is a scene in *High Society* showing Grace Kelly, on the eve of her wedding, studying her engagement ring and rubbing it gleefully against her dress. The ring was not a movie prop, nor was it borrowed from a Hollywood jeweler. It was her own 12-karat diamond ring, the engagement gift from Prince Rainier.

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

And then the trouble started on her pictures. She came home exhausted, and Richard wasn't there—he was making a telefilm. She was annoyed by the time he got home.

"Honestly, Richard. You're a movie director now; you work all day—do you have to work all night, too?"

"June, you know I signed for this series months ago. Don't hound me."

She cried all night. When they got up in the morning they might have laughed at the sight of the two of them, bleary-eyed and worn. But it wasn't funny.

"But I never wanted it to end," she thought, rubbing her face over the pillow, trying to find a cool place. "Even after I left. I called. Oh, I called him fourteen times from Palm Springs before I got sick. I didn't have anything to say, even. I just wanted to hear his voice, know he's all right. I would have told him if he'd asked me. I'd have said, 'I love you, Dick. I always loved you.' But he didn't ask. And I didn't even know what went wrong. And now I know. All of a sudden it is so clear. He was waiting for me to grow up—waiting for me not to need him to tell me right from wrong any more, waiting for me to do the right thing by myself. But I didn't. I did it all wrong, because I didn't know!

"And now," she thought, "now, unless I'm delirious and I'm making all this up—now I know. When there's nothing to do about it, because there's nothing left for Dick and me after all of this. I've killed it as surely as I'm going to die, because the doctor's right—I'm going to lose out, to just not caring. To having nowhere to go and no one to love and no one I could make happy. Now I know, and it's wasted.

And despite the doctor's warning and the nurse's warning, the tears came again.

Do you believe in miracles? It doesn't matter. Coincidences happen. The most unlikely things occur every day. Maybe this was only one of them—the sort of thing that would happen to anyone. But when June Allyson tells it, it sounds somehow like a miracle.

For the door to her room opened, and through wet and tired eyes, through the transparent oxygen tent enclosing her bed, in the narrow shaft of light falling into the room from the hall—she saw Richard.

"I took it all away"

"June?" said Dick, peering into the dark. "June, I came to see how you were. It isn't visiting hours; I don't know why they let me in. Are you—"

"Leave me alone," she wept. "I took it all away from you, can't you see that? Your—your yacht and—Ellen—and your peace and qu-quiet—and I made you look—s-silly in front of people—and now the children—I'm taking them too—because I didn't know anything—your home and what—what did I leave you with—nothing—not a thing t-to be with—"

Richard stood in the doorway, listening. When she was done he stepped into the room, walked to the window, pulled at the blinds. They opened and he stood with his back to June, staring down at the flickering lights, at the people, the city below.

Then he said slowly, "You're right, Junie. You did—you have taken—a good deal. But not quite all. One thing you left." He took a deep breath. "I love you.

"You never touched that. Nothing you did or said or ever could think of could take that away. Because I don't love you for your youth and your beauty. I just love you. For what it's worth, it's still there. And I want you—to come back to me."

Two lovers back to each other

There was no sound from the woman on the bed. No sound for a long time and then a whisper, almost too faint to hear, but carrying in itself all the love and joy of the world.

"Oh, Richard. Oh, Richard . . ."

The man at the window bowed his head. But only for a moment. Then suddenly the head was up, the voice was firm and clear. "And now that that's settled," said Dick Powell, "when am I going to take you home?"

"Tomorrow." June said. "Tonight. This minute. Oh, Richard, I have so much to tell you. You can't imagine all I have to tell you. All the things I—"

"When you're well," he said firmly. "Not now. When the doctor says you're well."

"Oh, that," June said. One pale hand rose from the covers, waved briefly in the air, dismissing forever sickness and doctors. "I'll be fine by—by day after tomorrow, anyway. Richard, I know what went wrong. That's the difference now, see? That's why this time it's going to work, you and me being together. That's why we can try again, because this time I know. . . ."

Outside the hospital, the world moved in its accustomed ways. Cars sped through the streets, voices spoke, people hurried to those whom they loved. Inside the hospital, though, a miracle had taken place. A simple, quiet, unimportant miracle, that would, when all is said and done, serve only to give two lovers back to each other again. . . . END

June will soon be seen in U-I's Interlude *and* My Man Godfrey.



sisters should help each other

(*Continued from page 52*) went to bed with her regularly. It became tattered and worn, but Lisa loved it just the same. Debra's unhappiness came when, in the middle of the night, she found the *thing* tucked under her own chin.

There were also the nights when the doll could not be found at bedtime, and Lisa refused to go to bed until it was dredged up from somewhere and deposited in the bed.

Like we said, it was the sole fly in the ointment between them, this dependence of Lisa's.

Lisa's day was coming, however. In her early teens she became more outgoing and independent, and developed a talent as a comedienne. And Debra suddenly became the shy one!

But the switch didn't affect their fondness for each other. Maybe because they couldn't even get mad at each other's borrowing—they seldom borrowed each other's clothes. Simply because the dresses wouldn't fit. If there was any borrowing, it was done by Lisa, who sometimes split a few seams. Debra didn't complain; Mom was the only one who had a fit.

No "I told you so"

The seam-splitting was due to Lisa's tendency to gain weight, for which she was almost always dieting—and should have been when she wasn't! Free of the weight problem herself, Debra ate anything and everything she could get her hands on—while Lisa groaned as she watched Debra gorging on candy and cake and loads of butter on the mashed potatoes and bread!

"How can I stay on a diet with you around?" Lisa used to say, snitching a spoonful of ice cream.

"The answer is, *you* can't stay on a diet," said Debra very pityingly. "Now, if *I* had to diet, *I* could stick with it."

And there's proof that their relationship is a happy one: now that actress Debra must watch *her* calories, Lisa doesn't even say *I told you so!*

Their main interest in common has been their careers.

But once again, a big fat difference came up between them.

Lisa seemed every bit as serious about her career as Debra . . . until Lisa began dating. Debra kept her nose to the grindstone of her career. When boys showed interest in dating her, Debra merely waved them to her sister—a gift which Lisa happily accepted.

Anybody could see which way the wind was blowing, and two years ago Lisa was married. Her husband's name is Ben Ware, and the family—gleefully referring to him as *B-Ware*—accepted him into the bosom of the clan.

Briefly, for the first time in her life, Lisa didn't know Debra existed. She and Ben decided to be married in four days, rented an apartment—and that done, Lisa sat at home and stared dreamily into space. Debra was working every day in *The Ten Commandments*, but Lisa couldn't do anything but dream on. So Debra squeezed time out for shopping for her kid sister—she bought Lisa's trousseau, arranged for the wedding at home, furnished the apartment as a surprise gift to Lisa. It wasn't hard keeping it as a surprise, either. Lisa was so wrapped up in daydreams that she never visited the apartment, not once, after the lease was signed. Furniture was bought, wall-to-wall carpet installed, pictures hung on walls, the new refrigerator stocked with food, one hundred guests invited to the wedding—and Lisa went through the ceremony on a pink cloud, totally unaware that the rest of the family was near collapse. Particularly Debra, who just barely managed to stay right side up as bridesmaid.

Sisters—under the skin

The Wares still live in the apartment, a brief ten minutes from Debra's big house. And now that Lisa has had a little time to learn how to keep in touch with this earth while living on that cloud, it's as though Lisa never left home.

She's working steadily in television and spends a great deal of time talking shop in the family home—where just about everyone is involved in show business.

But Lisa and Debra still go off together. No one knows what they talk about particularly. There's just one thing the family knows for sure—the two girls are, as always, helping each other.

They've grown up together; they look and think alike.

But even more than that, they're sisters under their skins. **END**

Debra's currently in Paramount's The Ten Commandments *and 20th Century-Fox's* The River's Edge. *Watch for her soon in Paramount's* Omar Khayyam.

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hugh o'brian's lost love

(*Continued from page 61*) the desk next to mine. She was very pretty, the prettiest girl I'd ever seen. I remember how the first time I saw her I just enjoyed looking at her and how a couple of days later, after we got over our first shyness, we began talking to each other. It's fantastic, but for the next ten years we were together all the time, practically every hour of practically every day.

"Mary lived only a few blocks from me and every morning I used to call for her on her porch and we'd go to school together. Then, at lunchtime, we'd always eat together—if we went to Mary's house her mother would usually make bacon and peanut butter sandwiches, which we used to gobble up, Mary two and me three. Or we'd eat together at my house. My mother usually had a stew for us or spaghetti, and Mary always used to say, 'Mrs. O' Brian, when I get big, will you teach me how to make this for Hughie?'

"After lunch, Mary and I would go back to school and you'd probably figure that at three o'clock, for a few hours at least, Mary would go her way and I would go mine. But no, Mary would come with me, wherever I wanted to go. If I went to play baseball or football or anything, Mary would always tag along with me. Some of the other kids didn't think very much of this, but it always made me feel nice to know that she was there, just watching me, just with me.

The talks rubbed off

"At night, after supper, we'd get together and do our homework. Then, if we were at Mary's house, we'd sit and listen to the radio. Or if we were at my house, we'd listen to my mother talk about Life. My mother had a feeling about living—I learned it from her, and follow it to this day—*I enjoyed yesterday . . . I love today . . . I look forward to tomorrow.*

"Or she'd talk about the theater and movies and acting. She thought it was very glamorous and a lot of fun and she would tell us how she wanted to be an actress when she was a young girl, and she'd always add, 'And maybe, Hughie, you'll want to be an actor some day?' The thought of being an actor seemed so silly, then. But I guess some of that talk rubbed off on me those nights I used to sit there with Mary listening, all wide-eyed, to my mom. 'Wouldn't that be nice,' Mary would say to me as I walked her home, 'if someday you did become an actor and I was your wife and we went to the movies every night and just sat looking at *you!*'

When did they fall in love?

"I don't know just when, during all those years, Mary and I fell in love—or just how. But we did come to love each other. And now, looking back on it, I can't help feeling that no matter how young we were, how unknowing we were, it was as strong a love as two people could ever know.

"Mary wasn't happy when I had to leave to go into the Marines. I wasn't happy about leaving her, either. But there was a war on, I was eighteen, my dad was a Marine captain—and I'd always wanted to be a Marine, too, for a while, at least. We loved each other, I told her, and it was a cinch the war had to be over some day and then we'd get married and everything would turn out okay. We'd live happily ever after—forever . . . Mary and Hughie . . .

"Well, everything didn't turn out okay. Mary got sick soon after. Forgive me if I don't make public the details of her illness. And then, she died. It's hard to tell you exactly how I felt when I realized that she was dead. I guess that sometimes, even now, it's hard for me to feel that she really isn't here any more . . .

"Anyway, Mary was dead and everything inside me seemed to have died, too."

After the funeral, Hugh returned to his Marine base in California.

He was promoted to drill instructor—the youngest in Marine history. He was lucky: hour after hour, in this tough new job, he was out on the dusty marching field growling out orders to hundreds of green Leathernecks, yelling for perfection, *hup-hup-hupping* his lungs out from dawn to dark . . . sweating out some of his sorrow; so dog-tired at the end of the day that he'd be in his sack by ten and fall right to sleep. And forget about Mary, for a little while at least. Except for dreaming about her. But in the dreams she was always alive and laughing, so that was all right.

That year was a bleak one for Hugh. Especially the Sundays, when his buddies would go out on passes or their girls would come visit them on the base. Hugh rarely left the base on these days. Twice a good friend of his had his girl bring along another girl—just to sort of casually introduce to Hugh and maybe get him to smile and talk a little. But both times Hugh simply shook hands with the girls and then made some kind of excuse about having to go somewhere and do something and he'd take off for his barracks, to sit for hours and write a letter to his mother. Or maybe pick up a book—usually something on law. He'd always figured he'd eventually wind up being a lawyer. And then he'd just fall back on his sack and wait for the chow bugle, then a movie, then back to his sack and to sleep again.

A date with Virginia Mayo

It was at about the end of that first year after Mary's death when one of his buddies, who thought it was high time his pal snapped out of it—got an idea. It was going to take what some might call, psychology, his buddy figured, but it was sure going to be worth the try.

"You want a date, O'Brian?" he asked

Hugh after drill one day, knowing just what the answer was going to be.

"No. Thanks," Hugh said.

"Aw, come to think of it, you probably couldn't get this one anyway. It's with one of those big, beau-ti-ful movie stars."

"I said I don't want a date, period."

"And *I* said you probably couldn't get this one anyway!"

It worked. After about half an hour of fake taunting, Hugh got his Midwestern dander up and the next morning he was standing stiff at attention in front of his colonel asking for a 72-hour pass.

"What do you want it for?" the colonel grunted.

"Well, Sir," said Hugh, "there's a radio show up in Los Angeles I'd like to go on. It's called *Blind Date.*"

"*Blind Date?*" asked the colonel, squinting his eyes a little bit.

"Well, Sir, some of the boys were kidding me about . . ." Hugh started to say.

The colonel, who'd been studying Hugh's record and noticed that this was the first special pass he'd ever asked for, interrupted him. "You can go, O'Brian," he said. "But," he added, "don't bother to come back here if you don't win!"

Hugh went up to Los Angeles and met both his friends' and his colonel's challenge. He won. His prize was a date with Virginia Mayo.

Hugh had a lot of fun that night, the first fun he'd had in a long, long time. They went out to dinner, then dancing—and Virginia didn't mind at all when she felt his arm tightening around her in that

Jayne Mansfield says, "My mother always urged me to 'amount to something,' and my father had terrific drive. But their drive was nothing like mine . . . mine is a built-in drive to success.

"If you don't have it, physically, it doesn't matter. What counts is stick-to-itiveness, drive. It's 20% talent . . . and 80% determination."

Paul Denis

tender way that always meant a boy was dreaming he held someone else in his arms. Then they went somewhere for a nightcap. As they said *good night,* Virginia invited him to come visit her on the set the next morning. She was making a movie with Danny Kaye. "You'll really have a ball," she urged, waiting for an answer, remembering the once or twice during the evening Hugh had let something slip about a girl he'd had.

Hugh refused the invitation at first. But Virginia insisted. "You don't want to be the only man in the world who'd turn down a chance to meet a whole flock of Goldwyn Girls, do you?" she asked.

"Well . . ." Hugh said, giving it some serious thought. ". . . No."

"Then," said Virginia, pausing to give the big Marine a kiss on the cheek, "I'll see you at the studio tomorrow morning."

Hugh falls in love

Hugh O'Brian fell in love that next day. Not with any of the gorgeous Goldwyn Girls—and Virginia made sure he got to meet them all. Not with any *girl,* as a matter of fact—Mary was all the girl he'd ever want. But, in one fell swoop, he fell in love with that thing his mother had been talking about all these years—the excitement of Hollywood, the lights, the tremendous cameras, the fuss and tension and camaraderie. The tremendous thought of maybe someday becoming an actor.

The memory of those few hours on Virginia's set remained with Hugh all the way back to the base that afternoon, and all during the remainder of his hitch in the Marines—while he ate, drilled, dreamed.

When he left the Corps—in 1947—he didn't know exactly what to do. *Do you want to be a practical young man?* one part of his conscience would ask him, *and become the lawyer you originally wanted to become? Or,* the other half of his conscience would ask, *do you want to struggle a little bit and become an actor?*

The first half of Hugh's conscience won out—for a while. Maybe because so much of that dream had been lived with Mary.

He applied for entrance to the law school at YALE. He felt pretty good about his choice, right up until he got a letter telling him that he'd been accepted. He read the letter over a couple of times. *Security,* the first half of his conscience smiled at him. *Aren't you glad?*

Hugh shook his head, very emphatically. *No!* he thought, out loud. Then he reached for a phone and called Jack Holland, a friend who ran a small theater group in Hollywood known as THE STAGELIGHTERS.

"Can I come out and try for a part in one of your plays?" asked the young man who'd never had any experience.

Next thing he knew, Hugh was packing his suitcase.

A rooming house with swimming pool

Hugh got his first role, a lead, in an elegant little comedy by Somerset Maugham called *Home And Beauty.* "He was pretty rough around the edges," says Jack Holland, reminiscing about those early days, "but he worked hard!"

"Hugh didn't come from a poor family," another friend will tell you, "but when he decided to become an actor he also decided to do it completely on his own."

To supplement the few dollars he got from his acting at the little playhouse at night, Hugh became a private businessman by day. The businesses included gardening, garbage collecting and selling nylons.

"While I was doing all this," Hugh remembers, "I was living at a boarding house called THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GARBOS. I remembered hearing about this wonderful place from some of the Goldwyn Girls I'd met on that set a few years earlier. They'd said it was nice and cheap and this was definitely for me at the moment. You could have knocked me over when I got there with my suitcase in hand that first day. What I expected to be a run-of-the-mill boarding house turned out to be a mansion on top of a hill with a swimming pool and a couple of tennis courts. The woman who operated it, bless her, had bought if from somebody who'd been very anxious to sell it fast and she'd converted it into a palace of rented rooms for young kids trying to break into the movies—Ruth Roman was one of us sharecroppers at the time.

Indigestion time

"For fifteen dollars a week, I got a room and a good hot family-type dinner every night. For breakfast and lunch there was an honor system in the kitchen that worked something like this: you marked down everything you took from either the icebox or the pantry on a big master pad. If you took a couple of slices of bread, you marked down two cents, I think it was. If you took a wad of peanut butter, you marked down three cents. Tomatoes were four cents apiece, I think.

"Actually, though, the best eating came at about one o'clock in the morning when most of the girls would come back from their dates. We poor guys were so broke we used to have to sit around alone on nights we weren't acting over in the playhouse—reading or studying new parts or just chewing the fat. This wasn't only

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lonely—but a fellow can get pretty hungry just sitting around like that for hours.

"Well, the girls took good care of this. Somehow they would hoodwink their dates at CIRO'S and ROMANOFF'S and MOCAMBO into getting them an extra steak for their 'dog' or a slab of roast beef for a 'poor roommate who's sick tonight, poor thing, and didn't even have the strength to go down to supper'—I'll never forget the cute little blonde from Tennessee who would always finagle an apple pie 'for my blood condition' from whichever guy she went out with—and what a feast we fellows would have when the girls got back, called out *good-by* to the departing Cadillacs and Jaguars and came rushing up to our rooms with whatever they'd managed to get their hands on, shouting, 'Come on, boys . . . it's indigestion time!'"

It hurt bad as it was happening

Hugh was still living at THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GARBOS a year later when he got what looked like his big break. A talent scout had seen him in a play at THE STAGELIGHTERS on a Saturday night and phoned him Monday morning, first thing. The scout told him that a big producer at a big studio needed a tall, young type for an important role and that he'd just arranged for Hugh to meet the producer on Wednesday morning.

"'This is it,' I told myself," Hugh says now. Or maybe he was telling Mary—forgetting that it wasn't both of them anymore that he was dreaming and working and planning for. Only—it was, always. Because the dreams were just work if there wasn't Mary. "This was the big chance I'd been waiting for. I went to the producer's office, all right. And I was out of his office a couple of minutes later, minus any big break and any part in any picture. Looking back, I'm glad it happened that way. I'm glad now that the next twenty-five interviews, too, went exactly that way. After all, I needed experience and experience takes time, lots of time. Yep, I'm glad now—but it sure hurt bad when it was happening."

It took more than another year before Hugh really began to hit it right. He was selling hosiery as a sideline by this time—"Having given up as a gardening and garbage tycoon," he says—and, wisely, he made a point of calling on producers' and agents' secretaries a couple of times a month and asking them (1) did they need any stockings, and (2) did their bosses need any fresh talent?

"You're in the movies now"

One day the secretary to agent Milo Frank greeted him with a big smile. "Park the valise, Hugh," she said, "straighten your tie and come with me." She took his hand and led him into Mr. Frank's office. "This is the young man I was telling you about," she said to her boss.

Frank nodded. "Can he act?" he asked his secretary.

Hugh answered for himself. "Yes, Sir," he said.

"We'll see," Frank said.

That evening the agent watched Hugh in a play and two days later, Hugh was screen-tested for the Ida Lupino movie, *Young Lovers*. Three days later, he got a call from Frank's secretary. "You've sold your last pair of nylons, Hugh," she said happily. "You're in the movies now!"

After *Young Lovers* was finished, Hugh went back to Winnetka to spend Christmas with his folks. His thrilled mother met him at the railroad station, bursting with pride. "You've made good in Hollywood," she whispered, over and over again, hugging him, kissing him.

"Well, you can't say I made good yet . . ." Hugh tried to say.

But Mrs. O'Brian would have none of this. "You've made good," she said, "and you've made today the happiest day in my whole long life."

At Christmas dinner that evening there was lots of good food and talk, and even a little laughter when Hugh could blot from his memory the little girl, the grown woman, who had sat at this table with him so often during the years they had had each other.

The few happy hours

And immediately after dinner, Hugh handed his mother a gift. "This is for you and Dad," he said as he handed her a large, red-ribboned envelope. "I guess I should wait till midnight, like we always do . . . but I'm kind of excited and I'd like you to open it now."

His mother wept, just like that and right there at the table, when she saw what the present was—two round-trip tickets to Hollywood and two special preview tickets for Hugh's first picture on the night after they got there. "Hughie. . . ." She cried; she took his hand. She couldn't say anything more. *It should be three,* Hugh thought, and he could feel the tears that wanted to fall. *Oh Mary, it should be three tickets!*

"Well, Mom," Hugh said, smiling, "you're the one who prayed me into becoming an actor. So I guess you should be the first one to have to see me in a movie."

Mrs. O'Brian nodded. Then, suddenly, she got up from the table, walked into the adjoining living room and placed the envelope on the big Christmas tree at the far end of the room. "No sense getting all these tickets blurred with my tears," she called out. "The usher at that theater in Hollywood's liable not to let us in if he can't read what it says."

"The next few hours were very happy," Hugh remembers. "We opened the rest of our presents at midnight and we sat around and talked some more and we sang a little—carols and songs we used to sing when I was a boy. And then it was time to go to bed. I shook hands with my father and brother, kissed my mother and we all went to our rooms.

When *Friendly Persuasion* was being made Gary Cooper and Dorothy McGuire in one scene were to melt into each other's arms. Director Wyler watched them clinch, then called "Cut." He said to Cooper: "Don't you think you're holding Dorothy in your arms just a little too long?" . . . "Well, gosh, Willie," Cooper replied, "I don't smoke or drink."

Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post

A shocking sudden quiet

"The house was very quiet the next morning when I woke up, much quieter than I ever remembered it being. I got dressed and went downstairs for breakfast. My father was in the kitchen along with a few of our neighbors. They were just sitting there. None of them was saying anything. Then one of them came over to me and asked me if I wanted a cup of coffee, like he was saying, *Hughie, I could cry for you.* 'What's wrong?' I asked. He couldn't answer. Then a neighbor woman came over and told me, as gently as she could, that Mom had died in her sleep sometime during the night. Just like that, Mom was gone."

When Hugh got back to Hollywood after the funeral, his determination to make good, *really* make good, was stronger than ever. "I know," he says, "that the Good Lord gave my mom a choice seat up there so that she could watch me down here—and I wanted her to be proud of me as proud as she had been that Christmas Eve. I wasn't going to let her down."

It was a tough fight for the next nine years . . . with too many hours of solitude, hours spent remembering two tickets that should have been three, that—shockingly sudden—need not even have been two.

"Someone named Wyatt Earp"

Hugh got parts, nice parts, in pictures now and then, and everybody thought he was a fine young actor and all that. But somehow that lucky firecracker that explodes under one-in-a-thousand actors in Hollywood and sends them zooming to fame wasn't having any truck with Hugh O'Brian. That is, not until the day not too long ago when a friend called Hugh and asked him if he wanted to try out for a half-hour television series about someone named Wyatt Earp.

"About *who?*" Hugh asked.

"Wyatt Earp," came the answer. "The Wild West marshal . . . one of the greatest law officers of all time."

"Wyatt Earp," Hugh mumbled.

"Yeah."

"Sure I'll try," said Hugh.

The success of his try was, as everyone now knows, phenomenal. The pilot film which Hugh made rang up the quickest sponsor sale in TV history and, soon after, Wyatt Earp became one of the most popular shows in the country.

Wrote one TV critic: *Here at last is a* ACTOR *playing a Western hero.* Said another critic: *The kids love him. The ladies adore him. And I've never heard a man-critter say a word against him . . . Here's one guy who's really going places.*

And how does Hugh O'Brian feel—now that he's really going places?

About his career, he'll tell you, "It feels great, of course. A lot of hard work went into it, goes into it, will continue to go into my becoming the kind of actor I want to become."

He's found *the* girl

About life in general, Hugh will tell you, "I'd like, very sincerely, to get married. I'm a little over thirty now; I've got a good job; I've got a lot to be thankful for. But there's something missing, and that's somebody to share my life with—and my good fortune," he adds, with a laugh that's so rare from Hugh.

"Just between us, I think maybe I've found the girl. I don't feel I should tell you her name right now. I don't think it's right to say anything specific about her now.

"But I'll tell you this. She's a girl who is sweet, and gentle, and understanding, and who makes me feel like a man. Not just like another human being who happens to be hanging around—but a *man.*

"And she's a companion to me. Maybe it sounds silly and unromantic to use the word companion, but to me there's no more beautiful word in the English language. It means she's interested in the same things I'm interested in, shares the things I love—she's a *companion.* That's *really* something to build a life on!

"Yep, I think I've found the right girl. It's going to take a little more time for both of us to be sure. But I think we may be making a nice announcement very soon. If we do, I know it'll make me very happy."

And as he talks about his new girl and their possible marriage, you can't help but get the feeling that Hugh's mom and his Mary . . . watching from up there . . . will be made very happy, too. END

Hugh can currently be seen in the U.A. film The Brass Legend.

eddie's tearing down walls

(*Continued from page 46*) or so, he got back to the job. He chopped at the wall for another fifteen minutes.

Then he faced the awful truth: behind the paneling was a brick wall—part of the fireplace. To put in the TV set where he had planned would mean tearing down the chimney as well!

"Well, we'll find another place," he laughed when he put down his tools.

"Not till after the paneling is put back!" Debbie said. So he put back the paneling.

His idea didn't work out so well, but the point is that for the first time in his life, Eddie had taken an interest—and gotten a charge—out of things that had nothing to do with his career. Like fixing up his home.

Then there was that day I walked into their living room and Eddie didn't even hear me, he was so wrapped up in the book he was reading! *Must be a murder mystery,* I figured, *and he's at the final clue.* But it was a *Home And Garden* magazine Eddie was reading!

He and Debbie have just about every available publication on decorating, and discuss decorating plans by the hour. Of course, at this stage it's impossible to tell how much effect his reading has had on him. So far, except for their bedroom and kitchen furniture, the house has only one other piece—a great big leather chair! Debbie gave it to him as a surprise for their anniversary. When I asked Eddie why they didn't simply hire an interior decorator, he looked at me like I had just lost my mind. "That isn't the way to have a home," he said, "you've got to make it *yours!*"

And—slowly!—he's doing just that.

Debbie teaches Eddie

And that interest in a home is just one of *many* changes that have come over Eddie since he and Debbie have been married—since Debbie taught him what's *really* important as far as living goes . . .

Maybe it doesn't seem like much, but you see I remember when we were kids, even then, Eddie's one ambition was to become a singer and I've never seen anyone sacrifice more than he did to get what he wanted. And he'd never take time off to have fun—just have fun like other kids.

When other kids played baseball, went to the movies, yakked over an ice cream soda or—later—went out on dates, Eddie sang, studied music, or played the piano. Nothing else mattered.

I remember one afternoon when we visited our sister Miriam in Philadelphia just before Eddie went into the army.

"Let me hold the baby," he begged after she took him into the nursery.

Miriam looked a little worried. "Sure you'd like to hold him?"

"Of course I would." And he picked him up like he was a doctor instead of a kid in his teens.

"Some day," said Miriam, "you'll make a wonderful father . . ."

"Some day I hope I will," Eddie agreed, "like maybe when I'm thirty . . . Then maybe I'll take the time to think about something besides singing." He meant it.

His way of thinking has changed

Eddie had no intention of getting married till he was in his late twenties or thirties—and usually when he doesn't want to do something, he doesn't! So who could picture him going steady, getting married.

Except that, like I said, Eddie's way of thinking changed a couple of years back, when Debbie came into the picture . . .

I was at their house the evening he and Debbie came back from Acapulco, on their first real vacation since they got married.

It was close to eight when they pulled up in front of the driveway. Eddie jumped out of the car, rushed inside, and hardly noticed me as he raced past me and up the stairs. The nurse hurried out of her room excitedly. "What's wrong?" she cried out.

"Nothing's wrong, just wake up Carrie and tell her her daddy's home . . ."

"But Mr. Fisher . . ."

By the time she had finished her objections, he was already holding his daughter in his arms and making faces at her. You could hear Carrie gurgle clear at the other end of the house.

And the presents he brings her! Eddie, who wouldn't buy a candy bar for himself when he first went to work so he could turn more of his earnings over to mom, thinks nothing of walking into a toy store for half an hour—and transferring half

SIGN LANGUAGE OF THE STARS

■ Most of the movie stars have offices, on studio lots or in private mahogany-lined hide-aways in Hollywood buildings, where they answer fan mail and attend to business details.

And it's within these walls that you frequently find the star's attitude toward life summed up on small signs placed under the glass top of a desk or hung in a corner of the room.

If you should walk into the swank sanctum where much of Elvis Presley's business is transacted you'd see:

You ain't learnin' nothin' effen you're talkin'.

A small cardboard in Bob Wagner's:

Keep your eye on the ball! Put your shoulder to the wheel! Keep your ear to the ground!—Now try to work in that position!

John Wayne's motto is:

A man is as big as the things that make him angry.

As far as Tony Curtis is concerned:

My mind is made up. Please don't confuse me with facts!

Jerry Lewis thinks that:

Collibberating on the primiskance is strictly forbidden!

Tab Hunter, no believer in excess wordage, originally posted a sign which said, in bold black lettering:

THINK!

But it fell prey to a humorous visitor who, in letters equally big and black, wrote under *Think*:

Or THWIM!

A Charlton Heston card reads:

If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs—don't come back. We need you now!

A poster of William Holden's says:

Take advantage of me today. Tomorrow I'll be smarter!

But for the most personal advice, the sign in Frank Sinatra's office takes the prize. The card says:

Nobody Knows The Troubles I've Seen. And, Believe Me, Nobody Cares!

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their stock from the store to Carrie's playroom! Like that toy elephant that was so large he couldn't get it inside till he had taken the front door off the hinges!

Of course he's a typical father in other ways, too . . . I don't think he's fed Carrie more than twice or changed her more than once. "That's woman's work," Eddie insists as he hands her to Debbie.

All I can say is, Eddie is very lucky to have married such an understanding girl!

A different kind of fun

Then there are the little changes, that may not seem—or really be—very important.

Eddie has become more conservative. He's sort of, well—grown up. I don't think there could ever be a repetition of what happened in a New York hotel a few years ago, the first day it snowed.

I had come from Philadelphia to see him, and just as the hotel elevator door opened, I felt a cold snow-ball smack in my face. The elevator boy, who had been through this before, quickly pushed the *close* button, and went to the next floor up. "I suggest you walk down the back stairs," he said, as he wiped the snow off my suit.

I wasn't even halfway down when I heard the hollering and shouting of about six guys, with Eddie the loudest of them all. They had opened every window in the hotel's hallways, and had a first class snowball fight for the better part of an hour! I'll never know why nobody complained—except maybe because Eddie made everyone clean up the mess when they finished. They even mopped the elevator dry!

It's a different kind of fun that living has brought to Eddie today. A quieter kind, the kind that a man enjoys—after he's learned to out-grow the kid stuff.

In some ways Eddie hasn't changed

But don't get me wrong. In so many ways, Eddie's never changed, and that's good, too.

Take his generosity.

A few days after I moved to Los Angeles, I was at one of his TV shows. When he was through he hung around the studio a while, kidding with the audience, talking to them and singing more songs.

When he got ready to leave, a teenage girl in the audience asked him for some momento of the occasion. "What would you like?" Eddie came back.

The girl hesitated for a moment. "Your handkerchief."

He handed it to her. That started it. A dozen other kids begged for souvenirs, and every one got something. His cuff links, pen, tie, shoes—it nearly got downright embarrassing!

Sure he can afford it all right, today.

But he was just as generous when he didn't have the money!

Like that dreary, chilly Sunday morning in Philadelphia when I was five and Eddie was eleven.

Between the two of us we had twenty cents. More specifically, he had eighteen cents and I had two.

"Let's throw it together and have a treat," he suggested.

So we walked into a drugstore and ordered two cups of hot chocolate, to get warm. Eddie saw how much I enjoyed guzzling down mine, so he drank a third of his cup—and pretended he didn't want any more. And insisted I drink the rest.

Big brother to all

And he's never lost that *older brother* attitude of his, either . . .

I don't mind it, I guess because he's been the *big brother* to the whole family—mom and dad, our sisters, and our brother Sidney. But mostly he's worried about me, maybe because I'm the youngest boy.

Once when I was twelve I got into a fight with a neighborhood bully who was two or three years older, a head taller, and five times as strong. His first punch gave me a bloody nose.

Eddie saw me run up the street when he came back from the radio station. "Who did it?" he shouted. He wasn't even interested in whose fault it had been, he just took off after him. Fifteen minutes later Eddie came back with a bloody nose, too, but he managed a big grin. "He won't bother you again," he promised.

He was looking out for me just as much when we were separated by over six thousand miles.

While I was in Korea, I got a letter from him about once every five months—he's never been much of a letter-writer—and even then the letters came only when something really startling had taken place. Like when he was floating around on cloud number eight, their particular private cloud, after meeting Debbie Reynolds.

One day I suddenly got very sick with a severe virus. Less than an hour after I was rushed to the company hospital, Eddie was in touch with the doctor who looked after me. To this day I don't know how he found out about it so fast! But he always has, when the people he loves are concerned.

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The cabbie was right

Another trait of my brother's, is his ability to listen to advice. And then make up his own mind what to do.

He always says he listens to people for two reasons: out of politness, and because he can benefit from their experience. He doesn't take advice blindly, but he listens.

Like that time Eddie and I took a cab and the cabbie started talking about Eddie's TV show. "You've got a great voice," the driver said, in a way that made it quite obvious that there were things he didn't like too much about the program.

"But—" my brother bluntly asked.

"The numbers you sing—"

Eddie moved up to the jump seat to be closer to the man. "What's wrong with them?"

The driver hesitated for a moment. "I don't know—they all seem the same . . ."

Eddie thanked him for his frankness, and for the next two weeks conducted his own survey. He came to the conclusion that the cab driver had a good point, and made some changes in his selections. Yes, Eddie'll listen all right.

There's another thing about Eddie that hasn't changed. I guess it'll seem silly to anyone who isn't crazy about animals. But it's a part of Eddie that's still the same, that all the money in the world couldn't change. And it showed up in connection with two pets Eddie had.

Skippy in tow

The first one, Skippy, was Eddie's simply because Skippy showed up one day while Eddie was playing in the street—and followed Eddie from then on in.

A while later we were going through our toughest financial period and my parents decided that Skippy had to go. It was simply too expensive to feed him properly. They didn't want to take him to the pound, but they figured if he got lost he'd probably find himself another home—just like he'd found Eddie. So Skippy was left a few miles from the house.

When Eddie found out, he got a flash light and set out to find Skippy.

He didn't come home till four the next morning, with Skippy in tow!

He was no less upset a few weeks ago when Charlie got hurt. Charlie is his boxer, who became rather confused when Debbie and Eddie moved to Beverly Hills. In their old home, Charlie used to jump out of the one-story building to the ground, about three feet below. Unaware that he was now on the second floor, he did the same in his new home. Eddie rushed him to the veterinarian.

A constant visitor

But just spending money to buy him the best of care wasn't enough for Eddie. Till Charlie was allowed to go home, my brother visited him every day, so he wouldn't feel scared and lonely. The way he loved that dog! Which led to something really funny on an evening when Eddie was talking about Charlie and a dinner guest didn't realize that Charlie was a dog—who would, from hearing Eddie talk about him? "Charlie's doing much better, particularly after I brought him a box of biscuits today," Eddie said.

"Biscuits? To the hospital?" the girl burst out. "Wouldn't candy have been more appropriate?"

"Candy? For Charlie? Of course not! A good, hard biscuit . . ."

Their guest looked at him like he had just lost his mind.

"Really, it's good for him," Eddie assured her. "You should hear him bark!"

Debbie set the poor girl straight.

Well, I guess that's about it, what my brother Eddie is like . . . a guy who hasn't changed much with success and money and dreams come true—just enough to know now how to *really* live, to take the time to pitch ball a little with a neighbor, watch TV for the fun of it, play with his baby, build a home.

That's what Debbie taught him—how to relax, to enjoy what he has, to *live*.

END

Debbie and Eddie are in RKO's Bundle Of Joy. *Debbie will soon be seen in U-I's* Tammy And The Bachelor *and MGM's* The Reluctant Debutante.



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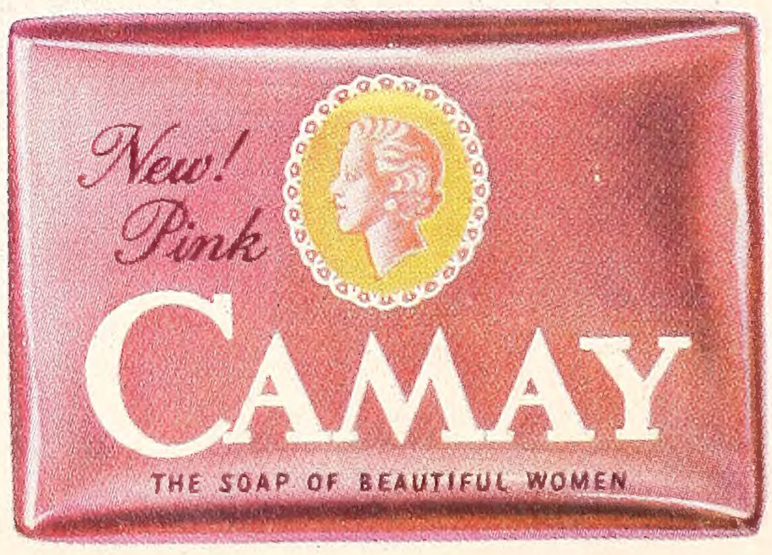
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